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Modern Views on Mythology.

PART THE SECOND.

A FORMER paper on the present subject was engaged with an attempt to set forth the reasons alleged in favour of their views by the supporters of what I have called the nature-myth theory; the theory, namely, that although in the course of mythological growth other elements of the most diverse kind came to be incorporated, yet the *origin* of all mythologies is to be sought, for the most part, in phrases expressive of the various successions and relations of natural phenomena. Attention was in particular drawn to the evidence afforded by etymology, and by the comparative study of the myths of various peoples, in apparent support of this view; but our examination was confined for the most part to somewhat fragmentary myths; and it was proposed, before proceeding further with the general subject, to investigate some cases of more detailed correspondence. These further inquiries, however, must be regarded in the light rather of illustrative examples than of additional proofs.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the tale of Ceres and Proserpine as told by Ovid and localized in the Sicilian valley of Enna. But it may be worth our while to recall that myth as given in the so-called "Homeric" hymn to Dêmêtêr. I give Mr. Cox' paraphrase. The maiden, says the hymn, "was playing with her companions on the flowery Nysian plain, when far away across the meadow her eye caught the gleam of a narcissus flower. As she ran towards it alone, a fragrance which reached the heaven and made the earth and sea laugh for gladness,¹ filled her with delight; but when she stretched out her arms to seize the stalk with its hundred flowers,² the earth gaped, and before her stood the immortal horses bearing

¹ κηῶδες δ' ὁδμῇ πᾶς τ' οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ὑπερθε
γαῖά τε πᾶς ἐγίλασσε καὶ ἄλκυρον ὄδμα θαλάσσης.

(H. Dêm. 13, 14.)

² τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ ρίζης ἑκατον κάρα ἰχθυόεντος (Ibid. 12).

the car of the King Polydegmôn,³ who placed her by his side. In vain the maiden cried aloud, and made her prayer to the son of Kronos; for Zeus was far away, receiving the prayers and offerings of men in his holy place, and there was none to hear save Hekaté,⁴ who in her secret cave heard the wail of her agony, and Helios, the bright son of Hyperion, and one other—the loving mother, whose heart was pierced as with a sword,⁵ as the cry of her child reached her ears. . . . Then Dêmêtêr threw the dark veil over her shoulders, and hastened like a bird over land and sea, searching for her child. But neither god nor man could give her tidings until, with torch in hand, she reached the cave of Hekaté, who knew only of the theft of the maiden, but could not tell whither she had gone. From Helios, whom she addresses as the all-seeing, Dêmêtêr receives clearer tidings and a deeper sympathy, and now she learns that her child is the bride of Aidôneus, who reigns in the unseen land beneath the earth. The grief of the mourning mother is almost swallowed up in rage as she leaves the home of the gods and wanders along the fields and by the cities of men, so changed in form and so closely veiled, that none could know the beautiful queen who had till then shed a charm of loveliness over all the wide world. . . . [And] she abode . . . in the house of Keleos,⁶ mourning and grieving for the maiden, so that all things in the heaven above and the earth beneath felt the weight of her sorrow. In vain the ploughs turned up the soil, in vain was the barley-seed scattered along the furrows. In Olympus itself there was only gloom and sadness, so that Zeus charged Iris to go and summon Dêmêtêr to the palace of the gods. . . . [But] the mourning mother will not leave her place of exile till her eyes have looked upon her child once more. Then Hermes, at the bidding of Zeus, enters the dismal underworld, and Polydegmôn consents to the return of

³ Polydegmôn = *all-receiver*.

⁴ The name Hekaté is of course to be compared with Apollo's title *Hekattêbolos*, "the far-darting." She is, in short, the moon.

⁵ At this part of his paraphrase Mr. Cox seems to fall into a style of innuendo which is unfortunately rather in favour with him. Of course this, "was pierced as with a sword," enables him with a better grace to add presently a little note wherein Dêmêtêr is spoken of as "*the veiled Mater Dolorosa*." But unless I am much mistaken the hymn says nothing about a sword, but only—ὅς δέ μιν κραδίην ἄχος ἔλλαβεν, κ.τ.λ. For the most part, however, Mr. Cox' paraphrase is as truthful as it is spirited.

⁶ The episode of her doings in the house of Keleos is a mere local addition to the myth, in behalf of the Eleusinian authorities. It is therefore omitted here.

Persephonê, who leaps with delight for the joy that is coming. Still he cannot altogether give up his bride, and Persephonê finds that she has unwittingly eaten the pomegranate seed, and must come back to Aidôneus again. But even with this condition, the joy of the meeting is scarcely lessened. A third part only of the year she must be Queen in Hades; through all the other months she is to be once more the beautiful maiden who sported on the plains of Nysa. The wrath of Dêmêtêr has departed with her grief, the air is filled with fragrance, and the cornfields wave with the ripening grain."⁷

Adonis, in the Græcized Phœnician myth, was the favourite of Aphroditê. Immediately upon his birth, "Aphroditê was so much charmed with the beauty of the infant, that she concealed it in a chest which she intrusted to Persephonê; but the latter refused to give it up. Zeus decided the dispute by declaring that during four months of every year Adonis should be left to himself, during four months he should belong to Persephonê, and during the remaining four to Aphroditê. Adonis, however, preferring to live with Aphroditê, also spent with her the four months over which he had control. Adonis afterwards died of a wound which he received from a boar during the chase. The grief of the goddess at the loss of her favourite was so great, that the gods of the lower world allowed him to spend six months of every year with Aphroditê upon earth."⁸

It is hardly necessary to insist on the similarity of this tale with that of Dêmêtêr and Persephonê; but there is one further point in connection with the Adonis myth which must be noted. The grief of Aphroditê for the loss of her favourite, as that of Dêmêtêr for her child, was supposed to be shared by all nature, and throughout a large region of the East annual religious celebrations (if it be not a blasphemy to call them so) commemorated the general sorrow for the death of Adonis. The lines of Milton, who follows the common tradition in identifying the Tammuz of Ezechiel with the Græco-Phœnician Adonis, are well known—

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.⁹

⁷ *Aryan Mythology*, vol. ii. pp. 296—298.

⁸ Smith's *Classical Dictionary*, s.v. "Adonis."

⁹ *Paradise Lost*, i. 446, seq.

The words of the Prophet are more terrible: "And the Lord said to me, If thou turn again thou shalt see greater abominations. . . . And He brought me by the door of the Lord's house, which looked to the north; and behold women sat there, mourning for Tammuz."¹⁰ But with this darker side of the picture we have no concern here, our business is not with the corrupt and sensuous shape which the culture of Adonis ultimately took, but solely with the origin of the tale upon which that culture was grafted. I turn then willingly enough to a less repulsive form of what must be regarded as ultimately the same myth.

In the Scandinavian mythology, Baldur, the second son of All-father Odin, is the beloved of all. "He is so fair of aspect and so bright, that light issues from him." Now "the god Baldur had been troubled with sad and painful dreams that his life was in peril. The gods were exceedingly distressed, and resolved to pray for Baldur's security against all possible danger; and his mother Frigg exacted an oath from fire, water, iron, and all kinds of metal, stone, earth, trees, diseases, beasts, and venomous snakes, that they would not injure her son." But Loki was jealous of Baldur, and he prevailed upon Frigg to reveal to him that of all things in the world the mistletoe was the only one from which she had not exacted an oath to respect the life of Baldur. So with the mistletoe he attacks the bright god, prevailing upon the giant Höd to work his will. And "Höd took the mistletoe and cast it at Baldur: it pierced him through, and he fell dead to the earth. This was the most deplorable event that had till then happened among gods and men." And all the gods grieved, but Odin more than the rest. Then Hermod undertook to ride down to Hel to find and recover Baldur. Nine days and nights he rode before he came to Hel's abode. And when he had told his errand, beseeching that Baldur might ride home with him, "Hel answered that it would now appear whether Baldur were really as beloved as was said; for if everything in the world, living and lifeless, bewailed him, he should return to the Æsir [the gods of Asgard]; if not, he should continue with her." And when Hermod had brought back the news, "thereupon the Æsir sent messages over the whole world, praying all things to weep for Baldur, and

¹⁰ Ezech. viii. 14. Some have questioned the identification of Tammuz with Adonis, and prefer to connect him with the Egyptian Osiris (Smith's *Biblical Dictionary*, s.v. "Tammuz.")

thereby release him from Hel. And all did so: men and beasts, earth and stones, wood and all metals."¹¹ But Loki would not mourn for Baldur, and for this was persecuted by the gods. The return of Baldur to earth is not related in any circumstantial myth with which I am acquainted, and though it is stated in general terms that he will return to earth after Ragnarôck, or the day of general destruction, there is nothing in the tale corresponding to the alternate residence on earth and in the lower world of Persephonê and Adonis. Still the general features of the myth present a resemblance to those of Greece and of Phœnicia and Syria which cannot fail to strike the most casual student of comparative mythology.

Among the Egyptian hymns there are two in particular that deserve mention in this connection. One of them records the descent of Ishtar to the abode of Nin-ki-gal, the Queen of the nether world. The motive of the descent was probably recorded in a portion of the poem which has not been recovered. Mr. Fox Talbot "conjectures that she was in search of her beloved Tammuz-Adonis."¹² But what is significant in the present connection is that complaint is made of the cessation in her absence of the usual concomitants of spring.¹³ It is not necessary to quote here the somewhat sensuous language in which this is expressed, but the fact throws light on the interpretation of this family of myths. Another hymn consists of the lament of Isis and Nephthys over Osiris, who is mourned for as having gone down to the nether world and implored to return. Now the person invoked in this case is clearly, and quite apart from collateral evidence, the sun. "Hail, O god An!" says Isis. "Thou in the firmament shinest upon us each day. . . . As Ra thou dost illuminate us daily. As Atum thou shinest upon us."¹⁴ It is noteworthy that at the end of this lamentation occurs a direction that it is to be sung by two female mourners Isis and Nephthys. Had we then lived in Egypt in the days of the Ptolemies we might have seen women mourning for Osiris as in Syria in the days of Ezechiel they mourned for

¹¹ Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, vol. i. pp. 72—76.

¹² *Records of the Past*, vol. i. p. 143.

¹³ *Records of the Past*, vol. i. p. 145.

¹⁴ *Records of the Past*, vol. ii. p. 123. According to Sir G. Williamson, Osiris is elsewhere certainly *not* the sun. And this fact tends among a multitude of others to establish, what shall be more fully stated in its place, viz., that the personality of many of the deities of ancient mythology preceded their identification with the powers of nature.

Tammuz. And as Osiris was certainly the sun, we may expect to find that the tales of Adonis and Persephonê and Baldur are all nature-myths.

Now the following is the explanation given of the tale of Baldur, quite apart from all considerations of comparative mythology, by Mr. Thorpe, who speaks as if expressing the almost unanimous verdict of scholars. "Baldur the good, with the light or bright brows, is, as almost all have admitted, the warm summer, the season of activity, joy, and light. On his life depend the activity and joy of the gods; his death brings sorrow to all, to gods and men, and to all nature. One being only, the evil Loki, the terrestrial fire, loses nothing by Baldur's death, and is therefore represented as the cause of it, and as hindering Baldur's release from Hel. Baldur, the light, is slain by the darkness Hød; . . . he journeys to Hel, and there is no hope of his return. His mother, the fruitful earth, mourns, and all beings shed tears, all nature is filled with weeping."¹⁵

This interpretation of the myth, taken alone, is of course exceedingly plausible, and is rendered still more so when we learn that *Baldur* has etymologically a sense closely allied to, if not identical with, that of the Greek *Phoibos*,¹⁶ and that the root of the word *Loki* is probably that which appears in old Norse *logi* (flame), Latin *lux* (luc-s), not to mention other congeners; still the case is not so irresistibly evident but that confirmation may well be looked for. And this confirmation is precisely what is supplied by the parallel myths of Persephonê and Adonis. If the meaning of *Baldur* is almost transparent in the Norse tale, while that of *Frigg*, his mother, is less so, in the Hellenic story the relations are reversed. Concerning Persephonê there may be some room for doubt, but *Dêmêtêr* is palpably *Mother Earth*. *Gê* or *Gaia* (earth) is, in Doric Greek, *Da*, while *mêtêr* (mother) is in the same dialect *matêr*, and the Doric name of the Eleusinian *Dêmêtêr* is *Damatêr*. Of Adonis it may be sufficient to notice that he is specially mentioned as bearing different names at the various seasons of the year.

Persephonê, then, and Adonis, and Baldur and Osiris, are all of them either the summer or the fruits of the summer, or else the sun considered as the lord of the summer, carried off

¹⁵ Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, vol. i. p. 185.

¹⁶ Baldur=*the bright one*. Cf. Lith. Baltas=*white*, Slav. Bielbog=*the white god* (Thorpe, p. 186).

to the underworld, and compelled to spend there a portion of each year, all nature the while lamenting the loss.

Some of the details of the stories which we have just been considering deserve a word of notice as illustrating the way in which a primary myth becomes in course of time embellished. Baldur is slain by a sprig of mistletoe, and Persephonê is brought under the power of Polydegmon or Aidôneus by eating of the narcissus, while the conditions of her return to earth are made less indulgent than might otherwise have been in consequence of her having eaten a pomegranate seed. In the first assertion we have probably only a mythical way of expressing that the evergreen mistletoe is the only plant (known to the Northmen) which has no cause to grieve at the departure of summer. The narcissus, on the other hand, is etymologically the *stupefier*,¹⁷ the narcotic *par excellence*, whose instrumentality is aptly invoked to account for the lethargy of nature which the myth celebrates. In like manner the seed of the soporiferous poppy, or pomegranate, inadvertently tasted by Persephonê, prevents a complete and permanent re-awakening.

It is curious to note the connection into which Adonis is brought with Persephonê, considering that both are, under one aspect at least, personifications of the same facts in nature; and this leads to a remark which was long ago made by K. O. Müller, and which cannot be too carefully borne in mind, namely, that if we would unlock the secrets of mythology, we must regard it as constituting, in the first instance, not a systematized whole, but an immense collection of fragments, the piecing together of which forms no part of their original nature.¹⁸ The story of the wrath of Meleagros is, according to Mr. Cox, identical in origin with that of the wrath of Achilles; and so close was the similarity of these legends still felt to be after the identity of their origin had been long forgotten, that Homer makes the friends of Achilles recount to that hero the tale of Meleagros as a salutary warning for his edification. Be this as it may, we must not be surprised to find in the hands of the later mythopœists—and as such, in relation to the origin of myths, the author of the *Iliad* must be regarded—the

¹⁷ Ναρκη = numbness.

¹⁸ Mr. Grote protested against attempts to turn the Hesiodic theogony into an allegorized physical system. This is not what is contended for, but only that when the Hesiodic theogony is picked to pieces, the pieces are found to be for the most part of the nature of primary nature-myths. Of the way in which such primary myths come to be built up into systems enough has been said.

most unexpected combinations among, interpolations into, and additions to those primary myths whose origin has been already discussed.

So far attention has been directed mainly towards what may perhaps be called, Mr. Cox notwithstanding, religious myths: the next example of a family of analogous tales shall be from the region of mere folk-lore. "The story of an ogre blinded or slain by his intended victim is common to many countries. While the details vary, the general features of the legend remain the same. . . . But the variations are sufficiently characteristic to make it unlikely that the different forms of the tale are copies of the Homeric account" of the adventures of Odysseus with the Cyclops Polyphemus. "The story appears not only in ancient Greece, but in Persia, in Turkey, in Roumania, in Finland, and in Norway."¹⁹ Wilhelm Grimm published a collection of these stories, eight of which are given by Messrs. Merry and Riddell in an Appendix to their edition of the *Odyssey*, from which again are selected the following.

The Romance of Dolopathos, written by a monk of Haute Seille in the diocese of Nancy, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, consists in the main of this story. "A famous leader of a band of robbers goes with his comrades to steal the treasures of a giant. They find the giant absent from home, but he soon returns with nine others, and catches the robbers at their work. They divide the captives among them, the captain and nine of his comrades falling to the share of the giant who owns the house. He boils and eats the nine men, reserving the captain till the last, because he is too thin. The giant suffers from weak eyes, and the captain having his permission to effect a cure, seethes together sulphur, pitch, salt, and arsenic, and pours them, when melted, into the giant's eyes. Furious with pain, the blinded giant lays about him with his club, hoping to kill the robber captain, who is forced to creep up a ladder and to hang all day and night by his hands from the hen-perch. When he could hold on no longer, he hides among the sheep, and manages to slip between the legs of the giant, who was guarding the door, by covering himself with the skin of a ram, and fastening horns upon his head. . . .

"The third voyage of Sindbad the Sailor recounts a very similar adventure. Driven by a storm upon an island, he and his friends take refuge in a castle, which is owned by a terrible

¹⁹ Merry and Riddell, *Homer's Odyssey* (Appendix) i. p. 546.

ogre. . . . He seizes the fattest of the company, runs a spit through him, and roasts him. The next day the same horrid scene is re-enacted. On the third day Sindbad and his friends make rafts, and in the evening, while the giant sleeps after eating another man, they heat some of the spits red-hot and plunge them into his eyes, escaping to the shore and waiting for the dawn of day to launch their rafts. But at daybreak the ogre comes down to the shore, guided by two other giants, and they hurl volleys of stones upon the rafts, even venturing up to their waists in the water. So all the rafts are destroyed with all the men, except the one on which Sindbad and two of his friends escape.

"A form of the story current in Servia is as follows: A priest and his pupil, being overtaken by night, seek shelter in a giant's cave, who had only one eye in his forehead. The mouth of the cave was closed by a block of stone that one hundred men could not roll away. The giant roasts and eats the priest, inviting the lad to share the meal, and promising to eat him next day. The lad sharpens a bit of wood, and when the giant sleeps pierces his eye with it. He escapes next day by the familiar trick of the ram's skin. . . .

"There is an Esthonian legend to the effect that one day a farm bailiff was sitting casting buttons. The devil appeared to him and asked him what he was doing. 'Casting eyes,' said the man. 'Cast me a good large pair,' said the devil. Thereupon he melted plenty of lead, and persuaded the devil he must bind him fast, in order to be able to put in his new eyes. 'What is your name?' the devil asked. 'My name is Issi (self),' 'A very good name too,' said the devil. Then the man poured the melted lead into his eyes, and when the devil filled the air with his complaints, and people asked him, 'Who did it?' he could only answer, "Issi teggi" (self did it). And every one laughed and said, "Then you've only self to thank for it."²⁰

Now it is to be remembered that these are only four specimen tales (the story of Odysseus and the Cyclops may be looked on as a fifth) selected from a much larger number, and as the hypothesis of a direct borrowing cannot be here maintained, we are led to consider whether the phenomenon of a parallelism so remarkable can be accounted for by any

²⁰ *Op. cit.* vol. i. pp. 546—549. It will be noted that the last is the only one among the stories which contains an episode analogous to the ruse of Odysseus' assumed name of Outis or Noman.

probable similiarity or identity of origin. And as the nature-myth theory may be regarded as being supported by a greater weight of apparent evidence in the case of legends of the gods than in that of mere folk-lore tales such as those we are discussing, we naturally turn to inquire whether any link may be found connecting the latter at any point with legends which are unmistakeably of the former class. Such a link, if I mistake not (and I am herein supported by the high authority of W. Grimm and of Mr. Cox), is forthcoming; and it will be found to throw light not only upon the Cyclops story, but also upon a not less familiar episode in the romance of the Keltic Arthur.

In the Volsunga Saga we read that King Siggeir of Gothland wooed Signy, the daughter of King Volsung, and that Volsung "took such rede that he gave her to him, and she was bethrothed to King Siggeir." Now at the spousal feast, when all were met in Volsung's great hall, came there "a certain man into the hall unknown of aspect to all men; and such like array he had that over him was a spotted cloak, and he was barefoot, and had linen breeches tight even unto the bone, and he had a sword in his hand as he went up to the branstock [this was a great oak tree that grew in the midst of Volsung's hall], and a slouched hat upon his head; huge he was, and seeming ancient, and one-eyed. So he drew his sword, and smote it into the tree-trunk so that it sunk in up to the hilt; and all held back from greeting the man. Then he took up the word and said, 'Whoso draweth this sword from the stock, shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find in good sooth that never bare he better sword in hand than this.' Therewith out went the old man from the hall, and none knew who he was or whither he went."²¹ Then did they all try to draw this sword, and none availed thereto but only Sigmund, the son of King Volsung. And in many battles Sigmund fought therewith. And last of all he fought with King Lyngi. And for a while none could withstand Sigmund. "But now whereas the battle had done a while, there came a man into the field

²¹ *The Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs*. Translated by Erik Magnusson and W. Morris, p. 7. Cf. Malory, *Morte d'Arthur*, i. 3: "And when Matins and the first Mass were done, there was seen in the churchyard against the high altar a great stone four-square, like unto a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus—'Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise born King of England.'"

clad in a blue cloak, and with a slouched hat on his head, and bare a bill in his hand; and he came against Sigmund the King, and have up his bill against him, and as Sigmund smote fiercely with the sword it fell upon the bill and burst asunder in the midst."²²

Now this one-eyed man is beyond all doubt none other than Odin. Not only is there a special myth recounting how Odin lost an eye, surrendering it in a pledge to Mimir's well in return for the gift of wisdom,²³ but elsewhere there is mention of Odin concealing his face with his hat when he would go into battle; and another tale tells how "the first evening that King Olaf Tryggvason kept Easter at Ogvaldsnaes, there came an old man, of very shrewd discourse, one-eyed, of sombre look, and with a broad-brimmed hat," and how the next morning it appeared that the guest of the night before "was the false Odin, in whom the heathens had so long believed, and whose tricks he now saw." And Odin thus represented may with equal certainty be declared to be the personified sky, with its single eye the sun. "Where the Aryan myth-maker," says Mr. Tylor, "takes no thought of the lesser light [the moon], he can in various terms describe the sun as the eye of heaven. In the Rig-Veda it is the 'eye of Mitra, Varuna, and Agni.' . . . In the Zend-Avesta it is 'the shining one with the swift horses, the eye of Ahura-Mazda, and Mithra, the lord of the region.' To Hesiod it is the 'all-seeing eye of Zeus'—*πάντα ἰδὼν Διὸς ὀφθαλμός*. Macrobius speaks of antiquity calling the sun the eye of Jove—*τί ἥλιος; οὐράνιος ὀφθαλμός*. The old Germans, in calling the sun 'Woutan's eye,' recognized Wuotan, Woden, Odhin, as being himself the divine heaven."²⁴ And as the sun is ever and anon concealed from view by the clouds, Odin is represented with a slouched or broad-brimmed hat, wherewith, when his will is, he hides his face. The cloak, dapple or blue, hardly needs explanation.

²² *Story of the Volsungs*, p. 37. So Arthur's sword is snapt in the conflict with Sir Pellinore. "But the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces; wherefore he was heavy" (*Morte d'Arthur*, i. 21). And as Hjordis presently gives the sword Gram to Sigmund's son Sigurd, a yet mightier weapon, so does the Lady of the Lake give to Arthur the more potent Excalaber.

²³ *Volsungs*, p. 271, note.

²⁴ *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. pp. 316, 317. Referring to the tale of Odin's having left his other eye in Mimir's fountain, Mr. Tylor says: "We need hardly seek this wonder in Mimir's well of wisdom, for any other pool will show the lost eye of Odin, to him who gazes at the sun reflected in its waters, when the other eye of heaven, the real sun, stands high at noon."

We seem then to have two points established; first, that a certain atmospheric phenomenon is found to have been actually expressed by the figure of a one-eyed giant, and secondly, that this one-eyed giant could be drawn into the circle of quasi-historical myth. For whatever we may think of the proportion of history embodied in the Homeric legends, Sigmund and Odysseus stand on a par: they are both heroes of romance, not gods; and if Odin as a one-eyed giant breaks Sigmund's sword, there would seem to be no reason *a priori* for hesitating to believe that the one-eyed giant with whom Odysseus contends may, like Odin, have owed his first leap into existence, under this special aspect at least, to the personified expression of an appearance of the sky. Moreover two points fall to be noticed in this connection. First, from the primary myth which represented the sky under the figure in question would be sure to flow, among some peoples at least, the additional incident that the giant lost his eye one night when he lay down to sleep.²⁵ For the language of early mythology, as K. O. Müller has remarked, hardly knows the distinction between the habitual and the singular past; and every evening the eye of the all-seeing heaven is extinguished, when the giant lies down to sleep with his head towards the west. Secondly, the blinding of the giant of course requires that some one should blind him, and we cannot find any cause for wonder if this feat, among a dozen other unappropriated achievements, should fall to the credit of the much-enduring Odysseus.

If then we assume the origin of the tale of Odysseus and the Cyclops to have been a solar myth, we have a satisfactory explanation of the occurrence of closely similar tales in many different languages, while on the other hand it has been shown that—supposing the nature-myth theory established in the case of the legends of the gods—this assumption is not out of harmony with the *a priori* probabilities of the case. It is not of course pretended that this explanation of the tale of Odysseus and Polyphemus, and of its analogies among other peoples, has been proved to be correct, but only that its correctness has been rendered probable in the absence of any other. This probability may, it seems to me, be somewhat increased by a consideration of some of the details of the story. Polyphemus, it

²⁵ Even when the giant had not yet sunk from his divine rank, a legend, as we have seen, was invented by the Norsemen and Teutons to account for his having only a single eye. Cf. preceding note.

will be remembered, is a sheep farmer on a considerable scale; and Odysseus, as well as Dolopathos and the priest's pupil in the Servian tale, escapes, though in a manner slightly different from them, by means of one of the rams. Now where the sky or the sun is personified, the clouds often figure as his flocks; and nothing could be more natural than to feign that he who had put out the eye of the day made his escape in a cloud. This is of course only a conjecture, but it is one which seems to be confirmed by just one phrase in the Homeric version of the myth. The sheep of Polyphemos are described as *ἰοδυσπὶς σίρος ἐχόμενος*—"fleece with violet wool;" a character which certainly better befits those flocks of the sky, the purple clouds of sunset, than sheep of any terrestrial breed.

The episode which appears in some of the tales, of the giant's enemies escaping on rafts, and of the giant wading into the water after them, is just such as might be suggested by seeing the sun blaze forth once more from among the storm-clouds which have surrounded his setting when half his disk is already sunk beneath the western wave.²⁶ Nor is it to be regarded as too gross an inconsistency to consider the clouds as at once the enemies and the flocks of the sky or sun. Very different would be the feelings suggested by the black massive storm clouds and by the light airy cirri tinged with the colours of sunset. Yet there is just enough obvious community of nature between them to account for the tale that he who had come as the storm-cloud escaped under the guise of the cirrus.

The first object of these papers has been to sketch as clearly as might be possible, an outline of the arguments of the nature-myth theory as supported by its upholders, besides giving some illustrations of the mode in which the principles of that theory have been and may be applied to the analysis of mythology. But it must be remembered that the main strength of such arguments lies in their cumulative force and in the repeated success of the key when applied by the skilful hands of its discoverers to unlock myths at first sight the most unpromising:²⁷ a success of which a very inadequate idea has been

²⁶ This of course involves a change in the similitude, the sun being now likened to the giant himself. But in the Egyptian mythic system the sun is sometimes identified with Ra, sometimes it is the eye of Ra, or his weapon.

²⁷ It must however carefully be borne in mind that "*rash inferences which on the strength of mere resemblance derive episodes of myth from episodes of nature must be regarded with utter mistrust*, for the student who has no more stringent criterion than this for his myth of sun and sky and dawn will find them wherever it pleases him to seek them.

conveyed in these pages. Still the case for the theory has been put as strongly as present limits and a very moderate acquaintance with the subject have allowed, and it is more than time to consider very briefly, and with all respect to those who are authorities upon the subject, the question—How far is the nature-myth theory to be accepted?

In such consideration of this question as space will allow, it will perhaps be best to consider the remarks to be made as applicable only to myths of the gods together with those folklore tales alone which can be shown to be degraded forms of myths of the former class. With this limitation of the issue, then, it may perhaps be held that if the nature-myth theory be taken as an exclusive explanation, even of the first *origin* of myth—for in mythic *development* every one allows the incorporation of other elements—then certainly it cannot be accepted: but that if it be taken only as a partial theory, if the proposed explanation is offered as affording a key to the origin of some myths; then, as elaborated by Mr. Cox and his compeers, and as shown by them to be applicable to whole regions of mythology, its pertinence to which was once hardly suspected; in this sense it must be gratefully received as a valuable addition to our knowledge.

If, as has been so often argued, we believe in the truth of the narrative of the Book of Genesis, it is certainly reasonable to think, or rather, impossible not to suppose, that a primitive tradition must have very materially contributed to the origination and early growth of mythology; and it would seem to be a capital error to refuse to this source an important place in any theory upon the subject. The author of *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations* is probably right in urging that Mr. Gladstone has attributed to the primeval tradition, as partly embodied in Genesis, elements which that tradition never contained; but

... Should he, for instance, demand as his property the nursery 'Song of Sixpence,' his claim would be easily established: obviously the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the overarching sky; how true a touch of nature it is that when the pie is opened, that is, when day breaks, the birds begin to sing; the King is the sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danaë; the Queen is the moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight; the Maid is the 'rosy-fingered' dawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky; the particular blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise. The time-honoured rhyme really wants but one thing to prove it a sun-myth, that one thing being a proof by some argument more valid than analogy" (Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. pp. 287, 288).

he could perhaps hardly fail to admit that some facts at least relative to the early history of man and his relations with God must have been current among the earliest peoples of the earth. We are then led *a priori* to look for traces of tradition in mythology. And in particular, we should expect to find, very widely dispersed, records more or less corrupted and debased, of the two great catastrophes of primeval history, the Fall and the Flood.²⁸ This is a remark which has been made again and again before now, and which has been followed up with much diligent research by a variety of writers. It is, perhaps, not yet too late to believe with Mr. Deane that the prevalence of serpent-worship over all the world is to be traced to the sin of our first parents, committed under temptation from the devil under the form of a serpent;²⁹ nor is there, perhaps, any reason for mistrusting the conclusions drawn by Lord Arundell from the evidence accumulated by him in favour of the ubiquity of diluvial traditions. Tradition need hardly, perhaps, have been invoked to account for the idea of an evil being, foe of gods and of men, nor for the identification of that evil being in the north with the frost and the winter, in Egypt or India with the drought, or anywhere with the darkness of night; but it is not easy to see, except on the supposition of a common tradition, why the winter in the north and the drought in the south, and the darkness in many lands should be represented

²⁸ "Since all antediluvian traditions meet in Noe, and are transmitted through him, there is an *a priori* probability that we shall find all the antediluvian traditions confused in Noe. . . . As a consequence, we must not expect to find (the process of corruption having commenced in the race of Ham, almost contemporaneously with Noe) a pure and unadulterated tradition anywhere; and I allege more specifically, that whenever we find a tradition of Noe and the Deluge, we shall find it complicated and confused with previous communications with the Almighty, and also with traditions of Adam and Paradise" (Lord Arundell, *Tradition with Reference to Mythology*, p. 157).

²⁹ "The worship of the serpent may be traced in almost every religion through ancient Asia, Europe, Africa, and America. . . . I shall feel justified [having shown the universality of this worship] in drawing the conclusion, that the narrative of Moses is most powerfully corroborated by the prevalence of this singular and irrational, yet natural superstition. *Irrational*—for there is nothing in common between a deity and a reptile, to suggest the notion of serpent-worship; and *natural*, because allowing the truth of the events in Paradise, every probability is in favour of such a superstition springing up" (Deane, *The Worship of the Serpent*, pp. 32, 35). The identification of the serpent with the phallic symbol, so much insisted on by a certain class of writers (e.g., Messrs. Wake and Westropp in *Ancient Symbol Worship*, and to some extent Mr. Cox), proves nothing whatever against this view; any more than the later identification of Ginnunga-gap (the Chaos of Norse mythology) with the Northern Sea proves that Nifheim and Muspellheim (Mist-home and Fire-home) may be more profitably looked for in the map of the world than the Homeric island of Kirké.

under the form of a serpent.³⁰ Again, supposing the existence of a tradition that mankind was saved from destruction by means of an ark, it is easy to see how the floating ark might in after times come to be regarded as a symbol, for example, of the seminal powers in nature; but it is difficult to suppose that, except on the grounds of such a tradition, this particular symbol would be so universally adopted as Lord Arundell and other writers have shown it to have been. A reason has been already suggested why the narcissus and the pomegranate should have been thought of as the occasion respectively of the abduction and of the detention of Persephonê, and the mistletoe as the cause of Loki's death. But when we couple those legends with that of the apple of discord, and when we read how the great tree Yggdrasil is gnawed at the root by the serpent Nidhög,³¹ and when we find the notion of a sacred tree almost as widespread as the serpent superstition itself, we are led to reflect whether the selection of a particular kind of tree, or fruit, or flower, mistletoe or pomegranate, or narcissus, is not probably a later specification of a vague remembrance of that source of woe and mischief, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.³² So too, when we compare the Hesiodic

³⁰ It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of a certain chapter in a certain work on Norway. It ran thus: "Chapter xlviii. The Snakes of Norway.—There are no snakes in Norway." Mr. Deane writes, and it is the gist of all that is to be said upon the subject—"That in the warmer regions of the globe, where this creature is the most formidable enemy which man can encounter, the serpent should be considered the mythological attendant of the evil being, is not surprising; but in the frozen or temperate regions of the earth, where he dwindles into the insignificance of a reptile without power to create alarm, he should be regarded in the same appalling character, is a fact which cannot be accounted for by natural causes. Uniformity of tradition can alone satisfactorily explain uniformity of superstition, where local circumstances are so discordant" (*Worship of the Serpent*, p. 35).

³¹ "The most sacred place, or seat of the gods, is by the ash Yggdrasil, where they daily sit in judgment. Yggdrasil is the largest and best of trees; its branches spread themselves over the whole world, and tower up above the heavens. . . . The first root reaches to the Æsir; the second to the frost-giants, where was formerly Ginnunga-gap, while the third stands over Nifheim. *This root is constantly gnawed from beneath by the serpent Nidhög. Under the second root is Mimir's well, in which wisdom and genius are concealed.* Mimir, the owner of the well, is full of wisdom, because he drinks every morning of the well from the horn Giöll (the Giallar-horn). All-father once came, and craved a draught from the well, but got it not before he had given an eye for a pledge" (Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, vol. i. p. 12). Cf. the promise of the serpent in Genesis, "Your eyes shall be opened," and its misfulfilment.

³² In an Accadian "Penitential Psalm" occur the words—"The heart of my Lord was wrath: to his place may he return. From the man that (sinned) unknowingly to his place may my God return. . . . *That which was forbidden by my God with my mouth I ate. . . . The forbidden thing did I eat, the forbidden thing did I trample upon.* My Lord in the wrath of His heart has punished me" (*Records of the Past*, vol. vii. p. 153, seq.).

account³³ of the havoc brought into the world by the *καλὸν κακόν* which Zeus sent among men, with the Norse legend that the golden age was brought to an end by the women that came from Jotunheim (the home of the giants), certain verses of Genesis³⁴ may perhaps be thought to offer a more obvious key to the coincidence than any theory of physical or moral myths.

Once more, there are not wanting strong appearances in the earliest mythological remains we possess which seem to suggest a prior monotheism as the true starting point of mythology rather than a mere psychological bias towards personification, or a "disease of language." And, indeed, independently of external evidence, it may, perhaps, be thought that the weakest point in the nature-myth theory is its attempt to construct out of this personifying bias so serious a structure (if we may so speak) as that of primitive mythology. "Every god," says Professor Max Müller, "is conceived as supreme, or at least inferior to no other god, at the time that he is praised or invoked by the Vedic priests; and the feeling that the various deities are but different names, different conceptions of that incomprehensible Being, which no thought can reach and no language express, is not yet quite extinct from some of the more thoughtful Rishis."³⁵ One does not see in this and the like facts any reason to justify Mr. Cox in speaking of "the process which converted the physical Varuna into a spiritual god,"³⁶ and not rather of a process of corruption by which the motion of a personal God became blended with that of the (supposed) physical vault of heaven. And if we are to believe that a tradition did exist among primitive mankind of the existence of a personal god, surely we must think that the latter rather than the former is the process which did really take place. "The poets of the Veda," says Max Müller, "knew of Indra as the greatest of gods, they knew of Agni as the god of gods, they knew of Varuna as the ruler of all; but they were by no means startled at the idea that their Indra had a mother or that their Agni was born like a babe from the friction of two firesticks, or that Varuna and his brother Mitra were nursed in the lap of Aditi." It is of course not difficult to account for

³³ *Theog.* 570—612.

³⁴ "The woman . . . gave me of the tree and I did eat" (Gen. iii. 12). And again—"The sons of God seeing the daughters of men that they were fair," &c. (Gen. vi. 2, 4, 5).

³⁵ *Lectures on Language*, vol. ii. p. 412.

³⁶ *Aryan Mythology*, vol. i. p. 333.

these relationships if we suppose the notion of supremacy to have been the older, and to have paled away before the literalizing tendency, but it is not easy to see how the notion of supremacy should have attached itself to that of a god who was in the first instance looked on as being the son or brother of some one else.³⁷

Space forbids my saying much more, but the following fragment of a translation of one of the recently discovered Chaldean hieratic tablets may be of interest in the present connection :

The Divine Being spoke three times, the commencement of a psalm.
 The god of holy songs, Lord of religion and worship
 Seated a thousand singers and musicians : . . .
 Who to his hymn were to respond in multitudes . . .
With a loud cry of contempt they broke up his holy song,
 Spoiling, confusing, confounding his hymn of praise.
 The god of the bright crown, with a wish to summon his adherents
 Sounded a trumpet blast that would wake the dead,
Which to those rebel angels prohibited return ;
 He stopped their service, and sent them to the gods who were his enemies.
In their room he created mankind.
The first who received life remained with him.
 May he give them strength, never to neglect his word,
Following the serpent's voice, whom his hands had made,
 And may the god of divine speech expel from his 5,000 that wicked 1,000.³⁸

Now, it is not difficult to imagine lofty conceptions such as these becoming degraded into a tale of the conflict between the rain-giving sky and the host of dark clouds,³⁹ or between the kindly Nile and the parched sandy desert,⁴⁰ or between

³⁷ Cf. *Tradition with Reference to Mythology*, pp. 169—171.

³⁸ *Records of the Past*, vol. vii. pp. 127, 128. The date of this tablet is about 600 B.C., but it is marked as copied from a more ancient inscription (G. Smith, *Chaldaean Genesis*, p. 68). Among the same set of tablets is one of which the following is a principal passage—"Babylon corruptly to sin went, and small and great mingled on the mound. . . . Their work all day they founded. To their stronghold in the night an end He made. In His anger also the secret counsel He poured out. . . . He gave a command to make strange their speech. . . . Their progress He impeded" (*Ibid.* pp. 131, 132). It is hardly necessary to call attention to the striking similarity of this fragment with the Scripture account of the Tower of Babel. The friends of tradition have much to be grateful for in these and other discoveries of the late Mr. George Smith.

³⁹ It will be remembered that according to the Indian notion it is the beneficent sky which bursts asunder the thunder-cloud and compels it to give up the waters which it had withheld from man.

⁴⁰ "La lutte éternelle de Dieu et des mauvaises principes, les Egyptiens l'avaient transportée des régions mystiques de la religion dans le domaine matériel de la nature. Ils comparaient Dieu au Nil nourricier et le mauvais principe au désert . . . la guerre de Dieu contre le mauvais principe devenait alors la guerre du Nil contre le désert" (Maspero, *Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient*, p. 30).

Zeus and the volcanic giants of Hellenic myth, or between Odin and the Frost Giants of the Scandinavian Sagas,⁴¹ but a reversal of this order of origination is perhaps hardly to be believed. And when to this *à priori* consideration we add the very striking correspondences with Scriptural truth exhibited in this fragment, there would seem scarcely to remain any room for doubt that the source of what it contains is to be sought in tradition.

While, however, we may prefer to consider a primitive monotheism, together with some further elements of tradition, rather than the mere tendency to personify, as the true starting point of mythology, it may (so it seems to me) be very reasonably admitted that no influence had a greater share in determining the shape which mythology should take, or (if we prefer to put it so) in converting genuine tradition into mythology, than those which have been so lucidly described by Professor Max Müller and Mr. Cox.

H. W. L.

⁴¹ "The earth is flat and round; about it is the deep ocean. Outermost of all, around the shore is the giant's abode, Jötunheim" (Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, vol. i.). These giants are called Hrimgelmir, *i.e.* Rime or Frost-giants.

The Notary's Daughter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CLUE LAID HOLD OF.

ROSE came home, and after eating her solitary meal she thought of Benôte's suggestion about the large book where Monsieur found the stories about St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and after some hesitation ventured into the room, which was called M. Lescalle's study, and which George had used as a sitting-room.

Next to seeing persons, the thought of whom occupies us, the most interesting thing we can do is to examine a room which they have inhabited. There are so many small but significant traces of their presence. The prominent feature in this one was the books—some of them lying on the floor open and on their faces, others still in the case; some on the table, some on the chimney. A great many sheets of paper, scribbled upon, were thrust into a waste paper basket. The disorder in which everything was left, gave Rose some satisfaction. If George had really gone away for good, would not he have packed up his books, but perhaps he had given directions to that effect. She had not the courage to ask Simon or Thérèse if he had done so.

Besides the books, there were some materials for drawing and painting in the open case, and in the corner an unframed picture loosely wrapped in brown paper. She took it up and found it was a landscape representing the Chateau de Valsec, the hereditary manor of the de Védelles which the Count had sold in order to purchase La Pinède. She took the painting to the window, and looked with interest at the view of a place where George had spent his childhood. It was a venerable pile of building—very imposing in its old-fashioned style, and surrounded by tall stately larches which added to its rather gloomy and aristocratic grandeur. In the corner of this painting, Jacques de Védelles' name was written. He had told her, the first day she had seen him, that he painted landscape, but had never succeeded in drawing figures.

As she was carrying back to the case the view of Valsec, she happened to turn it round, and found that on the other side of the canvass there was the portrait of a woman, a most beautiful face, with a fine dignified and sweet expression, which it was impossible not to be struck with.

"Oh, what a lovely countenance!" Rose inwardly exclaimed; and then she saw, at the corner of this painting, not Jacques' name, but the letters, G. de V., and the date, April 7th, 1835.

That was the day she had been at La Pinède for the first time. Suddenly it flashed upon her that as she was going away and the carriage in which she was with her parents was driving through the avenue gate, she had caught sight of a calèche going up to the château, in which a beautiful young person was sitting by the side of an old man. She must be the person he had painted on the back of his brother's picture of Valsec; she must be the person he had cared for and regretted so intensely. Who was she? Then the idea of Mdlle. de la Pinède suddenly struck her; she had heard of her beauty, and what the ladies of La Ciotat called, her *exaltation*.

On the day that she was walking listlessly by her mother's side on the Tasse, whilst Artémon Richer was paying her compliments, she had heard some one telling her mother that the beautiful heiress at Toulon, Mdlle. de la Pinède, was going to be a Sister of Charity.

How often it happens in life that we hear at one time things said with an utter indifference, which perhaps at some other period would have stirred the depths of our hearts with indescribable emotions. She guessed now, she felt certain, that it was Mdlle. de la Pinède, George had so profoundly admired, so passionately loved.

It must be so. She held, for a long time, the portrait in her hand, and gazed at it with deep emotion. She thought that the heavenly expression of that beautiful face told the story of the high vocation of the unearthly love which God had given to this favoured child of His Heart. She felt no jealousy, scarcely a regret, that George should have known, and loved, and been influenced, by one whom he must now look upon as a superior being, a sort of angel or saint. She compared the lines he had written, and which she had preserved, with the picture before her eyes, and not a doubt could exist in her mind, that the object of his love and his reverence was Denise de la Pinède.

So engrossed was she with this discovery, and the contemplation of the face he had painted with rare talent and exact fidelity, that it was long before she remembered the purpose with which she had entered that room. Rousing herself, at last, from this absorbing preoccupation, she began to search for the volume Benôite had described, and soon found it. That volume was the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, by the Comte de Montalembert.

Are there not many who at some turning-point of their existence have met with a book which has been to them like a revelation, and from the reading of which they can date an initiation into the secrets of a higher life, which, when it seemed hard to discern light in the future of their own destiny, opened before them aims and hopes and possibilities never yet dreamed of, heights they had never even in thought approached?

This was the effect produced on Rose by that beautiful history of the most loveable of saints, written with all the magic charm of brilliant genius, united with ardent faith. It was not so much the magnificent language, the matchless eloquence of the great champion of the Church in France, which riveted and entranced her, as hour after hour she sat reading this new found treasure, as the emotions, the ideas as to this world and the next, which it awoke in her mind. For the first time she conceived what a glorious and blessed thing life can be, even in the midst of the deepest sorrows, when once the relations of the soul with its Creator and its Redeemer, have become practical and absorbing. For the first time she understood to what a degree human love can be purified and exalted in two souls united together in the same supreme love. Never has the imagination of man portrayed a more touching ideal of Christian marriage than the quaint old biographers of the dear St. Elizabeth—as she was always called in the land of her birth—have drawn of her union with that model of Christian princes, the good Duke Louis of Thuringia. The minute details of their domestic life and of the tender attachment and sweet piety of these wedded Saints, pre-luding, as it did, his early death in the Crusades, and the deep sanctity of her widowhood, the poetical and familiar traits of the mutual affection of the young betrothed couple, the touching fidelity of his love for her, and her tender and grateful devotion to him, selected and traced, as they are, by a master's hand, formed a picture which laid hold, as it were, of Rose's heart, and seemed to call forth all its latent powers of thought and feeling. Seeds sown in her soul during the early years she had spent under her Aunt Médé's roof had been lying dormant ready to expand under the ripening effects of suffering, and now they were about to bear fruit. As Rose perused those eloquent pages she traced the impression they had made on another mind; pencil marks, and a few words here and there, revealed to her what had been George's thoughts as he read them. This agreement, this sympathy between them, struck her with a mournful sense of what might once have been, and now might never be. When he had felt the full force of some passage descriptive of Christian wedded love, or of exalted virtue, she had, no doubt, risen before his mind as the childish, frivolous school-girl she must have seemed to him, and the image of Denise de la Pinède passed before his eyes as the living type of womanly perfection. "Yes," she mentally exclaimed, "I can feel for him, I can pity him now, I can understand what his aversion must be to the worldly, selfish girl, he thinks he has married. What a strange fate ours has been! But there must be a meaning in it, God never does anything or permits anything without a purpose, I have often heard Aunt Médé say so. She would have gone out of her mind, she said, during the Reign of Terror, but for that thought. I will go to her, or rather, I will write and ask her to come to me. I cannot leave this place, George might come back any day. Oh, that would be too good to be true. If I saw him coming in at that gate, what should I do? Perhaps be again afraid of

showing him that I love him. And is it possible? Do I really love him, now that he hates me?"

As she was asking herself this question, Zon knocked at the door, and on being told to come in, the aged hand-maid appeared, and giving a contemptuous look at the books scattered on the floor, exclaimed, "Good gracious, Misé Rose, what are you doing here, sitting in the middle of all these dusty books? and reading by candlelight, too. I declare it is enough to put your eyes out. Dear me! Have you not learnt enough during the eight years you spent at school, that you must be poring over books now that you are grown up?"

"It is to amuse myself that I read, Zon."

"Ah, well, I should think you did want amusement; but you might find something better to do than that."

"What would you have me do?"

"Why, go to town, of course, and pay visits. You have never put on one of your best gowns."

"I cannot go and visit about during my husband's absence."

"Ah, indeed; well if I was Madame——"

Zon did not venture to express her thoughts in words, but an expressive shrug of her shoulders was significant enough of the very low estimation in which she held her young mistress' husband.

"Well," she said, "if Madame went go into town, why does not she invite her friends here?"

"I do not want to see anybody for some days."

"People must please themselves, I suppose," Zon rejoined in a tone of resignation, "but if you lead this sort of life much longer, I expect that you will go into a decline. I don't know but that it would be my duty to tell Madame Lescalle what I think of it, but if I go to town, who would cook Madame's dinner?"

"I forbid you, Zon, to say anything about me to my mother. In a few days I shall go and see her myself. In the meantime, dear old Zon, do not meddle with what concerns no one but myself."

Rose went into her bed-room, taking with her the book which had made so deep an impression on her mind, and one or two more in which she had seen pencil marks and annotations in George's hand, and others on the blank leaves of which were written some unfinished poems, which she read with a beating heart, for they let her into the secrets of his soul. They contained allusions which marked them as his own, and now that she knew, by Aloys de Belmont's letter, that he was a poet, she valued every word, every line, which gave her an insight into his character—a glimpse of his mind.

That day and that night worked a great change in Rose. Feelings of strong religious fervour had been awakened in her, and at the same time a pure though earthly affection was dawning in her heart. She had discovered in the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary that these two feelings are not incompatible. A strange new happiness seemed filling her soul during the hours of that sleepless night, which the foresight of

suffering did not interfere with. Hers might be a sad fate in the eyes of the world. It might be God's will that the cloud which hung over her future life was never to be dissipated, that he whom she now felt she could have dearly loved, might never care for her, never return to her, but she now discerned something higher and greater than earthly love, than earthly happiness. That light which sometimes breaks slowly on the mind after long years, sometimes after a life-time of conflict and trial, illuminates others at once, in the morning of their days not always permanently or consistently, but it shines on the mountain-tops, even whilst the upward path is encompassed by dark shades. Such was the case in this instance. The clue had been laid hold of, and clutched by that young hand, which erewhile was helplessly stretched out in the midst of unfathomable gloom. The hour when we can look forward to a life of suffering, of solitude, or of sacrifice, with a thrill of supernatural joy, is often the turning-point in our lives.

When three days afterwards Rose ran out to meet her Aunt Médé, whom she had urgently invited to come and see her, the penetrating eyes of the old lady perceived that a change had come over her darling niece. The soft, smiling, childish face was paler than she had ever seen it, the dark blue eyes had an earnest look such as she had never observed in them before. Even in the sound of her voice there was something different from its usual tone. At first they spoke of indifferent things as people do who are longing and yet afraid to begin an important conversation, and then Rose took her aunt upstairs to the room next her own which she had prepared for her, and made her sit down in an arm-chair near the open window, and as she used to do in her childhood, placed herself on a stool at her feet, her sweet face looking up into that kind aged face which looked down upon her so calmly and so wistfully. Misé Médé longed to ask, "Are you happy, my darling?" but she did not feel confidence enough that the question could be answered affirmatively, to do so.

"I suppose your husband is taking one of those long walks," she said, "which you wrote to me he liked so much. Will he come home for dinner? I want to make real acquaintance with my nephew."

Two large tears rolled down Rose's cheeks, and a sudden flush gave them a deep colour. "Aunt Médé, I have so much to tell you, so much to ask you. My mind is full of new thoughts, and such strange different feelings I hardly know how to begin telling you what has happened——"

"Happened, my child? What can have happened to you?"

"George has left me."

"Left you? Good heavens, Rose, what do you mean? When? How?"

"Four days ago."

"And where has he gone?"

"To Marseilles."

"With whom?"

"I am not quite sure; but I think he is staying with a friend of his, a M. de Belmont."

"My dear child, you should not have suffered him to leave you," Misé Médé said, with a look of uneasiness. "Who knows if he is capable of taking care of himself?"

"Aunt Médé," Rose exclaimed, "you, and all of us, and his own family, have made a great mistake about George—an extraordinary mistake—which I have found out too late. Oh, yes! too late!"

And bursting into tears, Rose hid her face on her aunt's knees.

"Speak, my child, you frighten me. Is he quite out of his mind?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Médé, he is not a bit out of his mind. He is full of goodness and cleverness. He is one whom a woman could most dearly love and admire. And if on the day we were married, I had not shown that I hated and despised him—it was before you came back and talked to me, Aunt Médé—I might have been the happiest of wives, but now it is all over with that kind of happiness."

She paused, but seeing her old aunt's intense anxiety, she went on—

"As soon as we arrived here he gave me this letter."

She placed it in Mademoiselle Lescalle's hands, and when she had read it, said—

"He has acted up to what he wrote. For form's sake he remained here till last Monday, but we hardly spoke to one another, and then I think it was because he saw me looking so unhappy, and thought I could not bear the sight of him, that he went away, and I shall never see him again."

"That does not follow," Aunt Médé said, and seemed for a few moments buried in thought. "But what besides this letter—which is indeed a proof that he is far from being the sort of person we supposed—has made you think him clever, as you say you did not speak together hardly at all?"

Then Rose, in an artless and touching manner, told Misé Médé of George's conversations with Benôte, related to her by the little shepherdess, of the verses she had seen him write, and those she had found in his books; of the portrait he had painted of Mdle. de la Pinède, and his romantic devotion to her. And then, word for word, she repeated what Toinette had told her of his visits and their conversations, and last—not least—of M. de Belmont's letter, which had thrown light on the strange and fatal mistake of those who had mistaken the languor of an overwrought brain, and the fanciful peculiarities of a poetic nature, for proofs of mental deficiency and disordered understanding.

"I see it all," Mdle. Lescalle slowly ejaculated. "It may all come right, Rosy; but oh, my darling, if you knew how my old heart aches at the thought of what you have had to suffer, and may still suffer, my own poor darling child!" Then Misé Médé's self-command gave way, and tears coursed down her wrinkled cheeks. Rose took her hands in hers, and, looking at her earnestly, said—

"Aunt Médé, don't cry. You will not grieve when I have told you

all, I feel and think. When we both thought, on my wedding-day, that I was bound for life to a *fada*, though we tried to make the best of it, that was a sorrow which had something of shame in it, and then, though I wished to be good, I had no idea, I did not understand, what you must know so well, Aunt Médé—that there is a way of being good, which is not the common way, and that in it suffering and joy can be strangely blended——”

Rose stopped, overcome by her feelings, and looked up at the sky with an expression in her face which revealed to Aunt Médé the work of Divine grace which had taken place in that young soul. She slowly took up the words Rose had uttered, and said—

“So strangely blended, my child, that a heart broken with the deepest human sorrow may still know a happiness which is indeed a foretaste of heaven. But tell me how you have learnt this blessed secret? By what means have you discovered it?”

“Toinette’s words, and what she said of all George had done for her, first gave me an idea that one might be very unhappy oneself and yet find happiness in loving God and doing good to others. But what explained it to me was this book.”

She had brought with her St. Elizabeth’s life, and laid it on the knees of her aunt, whose eyes glistened when she saw it.

“Ah! my child; you understood as you read these pages—they are very familiar to me, Rosy—for the first time you understood what it is to be a saint?” Rose nodded assent. “And then came the thought that to aim at sanctity, and by dint of sufferings and sacrifices to climb the steep ascent which leads to it, might be a greater, deeper joy than any this world can give.” Rose again bowed her head and remained a moment silent. Then she said—

“Aunt Médé, if you knew to what a degree I feel this! I see two paths before me. I have no clear idea which God means me to follow. I leave that to Him;” and again Rose looked upward, and joined together her hands, which rested on Aunt Médé’s knees. “What I mean is, that I see two kinds of life which He may intend for me.”

“Tell me what you are thinking of, my child.”

“Well, Aunt Médé, it is possible, is it not, that George may return, and that he may some day find out that he can love me, as I have found out that I can love him, and then that we might be happy together, and love God and serve Him together, like the good Duke Louis and the dear St. Elizabeth? But if he does not come back, and if he never cares for me at all, then my life would be like hers after her husband’s death. I would live with you, dearest Aunt Médé, or here perhaps, if my parents would let me remain here amidst these beautiful mountains, and the poor people scattered about this place, nursing the sick, teaching the children, and praying in the village churches. I did not know till quite lately, till these few last days, what prayer meant. I used to say my prayers, and I knew our Lord was in the tabernacle on the altar, but not as I now know and feel it. Oh, what a wonderful

change comes over one when this is once realized ! Which of these two kind of lives would be best, do you think, Aunt Médé ? ”

“ In themselves, my child, and for those bound by no duty and no indissoluble tie, a life devoted to God and to the poor is, without doubt, the most easy and straight road to heaven. If yours is to prove an exceptional fate, if though married you are irretrievably separated from him whose name you bear, then you may believe that what God will have permitted is intended to be the means of raising you to a more than ordinary perfection. But remember, my child, that yours is not a case in which you can be allowed to choose between these two kind of lives. There is no choice for you in the matter.”

“ Perhaps not, Aunt Médé ; still it might depend a little on what I felt and did.”

“ What you must feel and what you must do, Rose, is not optional. The vow you pronounced at the altar, the union which received the blessing of the Church, is not cancelled by what has since occurred. You have a responsibility with regard to the soul of your husband, from which nothing can relieve you. You must not acquiesce in his forsaking you, even in order to lead a life of what seems to you higher perfection. The most perfect life for Christians is that in which God has placed them, and your duty is clear and evident.”

“ Is it ? I have felt, on the contrary, so perplexed how to act.”

“ How to act may be a question, but the intention of your acts should not be doubtful. You must leave nothing undone to undeceive your husband as to your feelings towards him. You must let him know that you can, that you do, love him—— ”

“ Let a man who hates me know that I care for him ; and that, after he has made it plain that he despises me ? ”

“ Is it the Rose who has been opening her heart to me that he despises ? Does he know her ? Has he had any opportunity of reading into her soul ? But even if he had, if he had consciously and deliberately rejected the wife God has given him, it would still be your duty patiently, sweetly, unweariedly, to pray, to strive, to long for his return, never to give up the hope of it, and whilst rising daily higher in the upward path to which God's grace is calling you, to hold out to him the hand which was given him on your marriage-day, and trust to the end that your strong and patient love—the love of a Christian wife, not the fondness of a frivolous woman—will at last recall him to your side, and draw him to God.”

“ From the notes in his books, and his verses, Aunt Médé, I should think George was nearer to God than I am.”

“ It may be so, my child. We cannot judge of others in that respect, even when well acquainted with them, and I do not know your husband at all ; but I do not reckon religious poetical effusions as any proof of a real and firm faith. Those who have read Victor Hugo and Lamartine's verses in their early days, know in what admirable language pious

emotions can be poured forth, and yet how little real religion may inspire them."

"Oh, Aunt Médé, I have seen some of their writings amongst George's books, and found beautiful things in them, but they did not help me as I now want to be helped. It was like drinking wine too strong for my head, or smelling a too powerful perfume. When I read *this* book, I feel as if I was breathing mountain air."

"Feed on that kind of air, Rosy," Mdlle. Lescalle said, with a smile. "Brace yourself with it in preparation for whatever God may appoint to your lot. I begin to think that my Rose, the child of my heart, is going to be one of those valiant women whom the Scriptures speak of, and I do not give up the hope of a little earthly happiness for her either, if she will be brave and patient. We need not despair at all that everything will come right. You and your husband are very young, two children in fact, who have been mismanaged by others, and then, left to yourselves, mismanaged one another. We must see now what is best to be done. You must let me think and pray about it. An hour or two on my knees will help me to a good thought."

Rose threw her arms round her old aunt's neck, and kissed her as she used to do in her childhood, when Misé Médé made everything straight for her.

"I will leave you alone for a while," she said, almost gaily; "but don't pray too long, Aunt Médé, for now I have begun I want to tell you much more about what I think, and wish, and mean to do, whether ——" She stopped. It was easy to read the thoughts that were passing through her mind, and the connection between those words and the next she uttered. "Toinette, you know, said George was very good. It was he who made her forgive people and love God, and M. de Belmont wrote to him that why he liked him so much at college was because he was so kind to every one; and you know, Aunt Médé, that I think, I really do think, that in going away and leaving me he thought he was doing right and what was best for me."

"Very likely he did, Rosy, and we must find out the best way of undeceiving him on that point. And now your cheeks are paler than I like to see them, my child; put on your hat and go and breathe some of that mountain air you are so fond of, amidst the wild thyme and Benoîte's goats. No, don't take a book with you. Look at the sky and the flowers, gladden your heart with the thought of Him Who made them and you, and leave the future in His hands."

"Yes, Aunt Médé; and the road up the hill leads to Toinette's cabin. I will pay her a visit."

A moment afterwards Mdlle. Lescalle saw, from her window, Rose crossing the garden carrying a basket on her arm, and singing George's hymn to St. Elizabeth. She watched her graceful form, her light step, and listened to the sweet young voice carolling away as she disappeared amongst the trees, with a grateful sense that, come what might, the child of her heart had discovered the road to true happiness.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EMERGENCY.

THE result of Misé Médé's thoughts and prayers was, that she wrote that evening a long letter to a dear friend of hers at Marseilles, one of those women whom people instinctively turn to when a difficult thing has to be done, or a great act of kindness to be performed. One of those energetic, large-hearted French souls, who carry everything before them, and work wonders with a marvellous ease and singular simplicity. Later on, Mdlle. Amélie Lautard was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. So great and obvious was her influence for good over the soldiers at Marseilles, amongst whom she indefatigably laboured, that in consideration of her services, the Minister of War, under the Empire, granted her the privilege of shortening, at her discretion, in certain cases, the term of military punishment.

But at the time we are writing of, her career of charitable work was at its outset. Her father had been intimately acquainted with Mdlle. Lescalle, and she had always remained in correspondence with the little Amélie she had known and loved as a child. After many anxious reflections, she determined to tell her the whole story of Rose's marriage and of George's unrequited attachment to Mdlle. de la Pinède, now Sœur Denise at the House of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. She knew, through Mdlle. Lautard, that this young girl had been staying a short time before at the Chateau de la Pinède, and that she had felt interested in George de Védelles, whose isolation in the midst of his family and deep melancholy had painfully struck her. She thought that Mdlle. Lautard might sound Sœur Denise on the subject, and gain from her some information as to his character and state of mind, which would furnish a clue to the most effectual means of bringing about his return to his wife and a good understanding between them. Misé Médé was much puzzled herself as to the real truth about George. On the one hand, she had heard it positively stated that his intellect was weak and his character childish. It seemed strange that his own parents, his clever father and his loving mother, should have been deceived on that point, and though all that Rose had related and shown to her militated strongly against these preconceived impressions, it had not quite destroyed them. Then Thérésou also had burst into the room where Mdlle. Lescalle was meditating on these conflicting accounts, and, finding at last a vent for the ire which had been accumulating in her soul during the last weeks, poured forth unmitigated expressions of indignation against M. le Baron, whom she described as a sort of savage idiot, whom it would be well if Misé Rose had never seen, far less married, and who would have deserved to have had Benôte for his wife. They would have been a well-matched pair. She with her foolish gibberish and wild-cat ways, and he with his rude, gloomy, and silent manner.

In vain did Mdlle. Lescalle try to check this torrent of abuse. She could understand that under the circumstances Zon might be justified in her aversion to George, and some of the things she said made some impression on her own mind. The doubt was, whether with some amount of apparent ability when he held a pen in his hand, he was not incapable of acting rationally, or even taking care of himself, in which case it would be necessary to communicate with his parents and with Rose's father and mother, at the risk of estranging him for ever from her, or, on the other hand, of trying other means of bringing them together, removing misconceptions, and appealing to his sense of honour and duty. She came to the conclusion that this ought to be attempted if possible, and that Mdlle. Lautard might not only consult Sœur Denise, but seek out also M. de Belmont, with whom she hoped George was still residing, and find out from him the real truth about his college friend.

Such was the purport of the letter she wrote and sent that evening. During the following days she devoted herself, with the tact and ability which belonged to her character, to keep Rose's mind occupied with cheering and strengthening thoughts, to excite her to hope and yet to prepare her for disappointment. They prayed and they read together, visited Toinette, and found out other poor people in the neighbourhood, sadly in want both of a little help and of moral and religious instruction. A new world, that of practical charity, seemed opening to the young girl, who had so rapidly grown from a child into a woman. It was a singular blessing for her during those days of uncertainty, that she was experiencing those first fervours of awakened faith in and love of God, which fill the soul with a strange sweetness and almost lift it above earthly cares and joys, and that she was guided at that time by one so clear-sighted and thoroughly sensible as Misé Médé. The thought had crossed her mind that her niece might, like herself, perhaps be called to a life of entire consecration to God, and the full practice of the evangelical counsels. She remembered how, when she was Rose's age, and the world was smiling upon her and life looking very bright and fair, a cloud, small at first, like a man's hand, had appeared in the horizon in the shape of the first news and rumours of revolutionary disturbances in the neighbourhood. The great events which had convulsed her country seemed at first to have little to do with the prospects and the destiny of a young girl in the middling ranks of life, but the storm went on disturbing and at last darkening every part of France and bringing the scaffold within sight of the humble homes of the *bourgeoisie* as well as the nobility. Then war to religion was declared, that war to the knife, which rouses the soul to sacrifice, to action, to heroism, and then Mdlle. Lescalle understood what God's voice was saying to her heart, she understood what was her vocation, not the peaceful cloister—convents were everywhere closed and communities dispersed, but the religious life in her own threatened home, the religious life in its essence, the religious vows, in its work amongst the

poor, the prisoners, the dying, at the foot of the scaffold, in the cell of the condemned, in the caves and garrets where Mass was said in secret, in the perilous services rendered to a faithful outlawed priesthood.

She embraced this life with unflinching zeal. She thanked God that He had cast her lot in those dark days. She met dangers which brought her within an inch of death, and often felt that nothing less than the complete consecration which severs at one stroke the heart from all merely human joys, could have borne her unscathed through the fiery furnace of that terrible time. And now she asked herself, "Was it God's will that Rose should walk in her steps? Had He assigned to her a peculiar destiny, in order that bearing the name of a wife, she should be, as she herself had been, a religious in life and heart? Was that her vocation, strangely brought about, strangely accomplished?" She watched her without seeming to do so. She sounded her heart as they sat conversing under the pines, or strolling along the mountain paths. She observed the changes of her countenance, and noticed little acts which would have escaped a less penetrating and loving eye, and soon made up her mind that whether her husband returned to her or not, Rose was not called to tread the path she herself had trodden, not even amidst calmer scenes and brighter days.

Many little indications showed her that her heart was not free, that not only had she discovered that George de Védelles was one a woman could love, but that she had fallen in love with him since the day she had with such terrible reluctance become his wife, and he had rejected her. If for a little while they spoke of anything else, she would always revert to something relating to him, to his books, his verses, his paintings, or to the remarks she had heard him make on the surrounding scenery, to the Sisters of Charity, and *Sœur de la Pinède*, and Valsec, his parents, and his friends, *Benôte* and *Toinette*.

She saw her kneeling before the tabernacle praying with intense fervour, her eyes filling with tears, and her little hands clasped together. When she came out of the church there was a sweet and peaceful expression in her face, but Aunt *Médé* noticed that she went and sat on a bench from whence the road could be farthest seen, and gazed wistfully upon it. When in the house, if the gate was heard to open, her eyes turned towards it with a rapid glance.

Then, again, *Mdlle. de la Pinède's* picture was placed in Rose's own room. With some women, perhaps, this would have seemed a proof rather of indifference than of love, but *Misé Médé* knew her niece's humble, tender, affectionate character, and felt certain that it would be free from jealousy and lovingly attracted by all that one she loved cared for. "It cannot but come right," she said to herself, and almost as impatiently as Rose looked for the postman's arrival on the day she expected an answer from *Marseilles*.

When the postman, two days afterwards, called at *Belbousquet* he had only one letter to leave, and it was not addressed to *Mdlle. Lescalle*, but to the *Baronne George de Védelles*. Rose was sitting at breakfast

opposite to Aunt Médé when Zon laid it on the table. She turned red and then pale, and her hands trembled so much, that she could hardly unseal the envelope. Mdlle. Lescalle watched her with anxiety, and felt the news was bad before Rose had finished reading the letter, which she handed to her in silence. This was what George had written.

My dear Rose,—It will hardly surprise you to hear that I am about to embark with my friend, M. de Belmont, on board his uncle's ship which is going to cruise for two years amongst the South Sea Islands. I have written to my brother to request him to break this to my mother and announce it to my father. As I am of age, I have a right to act on my own judgment, and I am persuaded that for them, for you, and for myself, I am doing what is best and wisest.

I have been for some years a source of sorrow and anxiety to my parents, and often a cause of dissension between them. Jacques will certainly be elected deputy I hear, thanks to your father's exertions, and, in his new position and interests, they will find a compensation for my absence, if, indeed, any is needed.

As to you, poor child, on whom was thrust the saddest of all destinies, a union with one whom you could not look on without detestation, I hope that life will still have some charms, though I admit that your fate is a melancholy one. I have begged my father and my brother to arrange with your parents all that regards my fortune, which I wish to leave entirely to you, with the exception of a small annuity, which will suffice for my wants and tastes.

We sail on Saturday morning, and in taking leave of France and all I have ever known or cared for, my chief hope and prayer are that you, whose existence I have involuntary blighted, may still enjoy peaceful and happy days. If I was an infidel, or a philosopher of the school of our modern novelists, I would gladly put myself altogether out of your way. But as I am a Christian, though a very imperfect one, we must each bear our separate burthens, and drag on life as best we may.

May God bless you, Rose.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DE VEDELLES.

Aunt Médé pushed her spectacles off her nose when she had read this letter, and ejaculated, "Foolish boy." Rose, who was crying, snatched it from her and said, "No, not foolish, Aunt Médé. It is a very generous and kind letter, only—only it breaks my heart."

"There is no need at all for any heart-breaking, silly child. Even if we cannot stop the departure of M. le Baron, and if he was to remain two years in the South Seas, that would not be the world's end, nor your life's end either. You are, let me see, not much more than seventeen. Dear me! perhaps that is the best thing he could have done. He may come back before you are twenty, and you will both be wiser then."

"Two years, Aunt Médé, two years would be like two centuries. O dear Aunt Médé, can't we stop him. You see that he is going away because he thinks I hate him, and if he was to be shipwrecked and drowned, or cast on a desert island like Robinson Crusoe, I should never forgive myself."

"Well, child, I suppose the only thing to be done is to go to Marseilles and to call on Mdlle. Lautard, who has the wisest head on her shoulders of any woman, I know, and if your husband has not yet

sailed, to see if, between her and your Aunt Médé, some means to stop him may be devised. You and I, Rose, will find ourselves rather in a scrape, if M. George makes this *coup de tête*, and we have told neither his parents nor yours of his having left you some days ago. You see, my little girl, I was afraid of their falling out. Your father and mother, I mean, and the Count and Countess, or of their all mismanaging him."

"They would have been sure to do so, Aunt Médé, that would have been the worst thing that could happen to us. Now there is hope if only he has not sailed. Let us lose no time. May I tell Simon to fetch two mules to take us to Cassio, where we shall meet the Marseilles diligence. If he will but make haste, they will be here in an hour."

"Very well," Misé Médé said; and at the end of two hours—for Rose had miscalculated the capabilities of old Simon's legs—the mules stood at the door, with their jingling bells and large, wide saddles, ornamented with red tassels, and Dominique, the driver, stood alongside of them, a tall, tanned, fierce-looking man, with a brown complexion and tangled black hair.

Rose had known him from her childhood, and was consequently on familiar terms with him.

"Make haste, Dominique," she exclaimed; "we must be at Marseilles before dinner time."

"You will be at Cassio, Misé Rose, in three hours; that I undertake. As to Marseilles, it is no business of mine."

"Are you going to walk all the way to Cassio?"

"Of course; my legs are, if anything, stronger than theirs," he added, patting affectionately the mules, which had certainly worked hard in their day. Then he hoisted Rose's little figure on her saddle as lightly as if she had been a bird, his dark complexion and wild attire contrasting with her delicate features and peach-like colouring in a way which would have delighted a painter.

Old Simon the while was helping Misé Médé to climb up to the back of the other mule, and they then set out at a kind of trot, Dominique keeping up with them at a pace between a walk and a run. Rose felt as though she would have wished for wings, to bear her more rapidly to Marseilles, and Misé Médé was obliged now and then to remind her that her old limbs could not stand this unmitigated speed.

As the little party was leaving the lane which led from Belbousquet into the path across the hills to Cassio, they met a peasant, who stopped Rose's mule, and said: "Madame, are you Madame de Védelles? I am one of the gardeners at La Pinède."

"Yes. What do you want with me?"

"I have come to let M. George know—M. le Baron George, I mean—that M. Vincent, poor old gentleman, was seized last night with an attack of paralysis, and M. le Docteur says he has not long to live. He is quite conscious, poor dear man, but can speak very little. He keeps asking for M. George, and it is piteous to see him watching the door, and with the one hand he can move making

the sign of the Cross, and throwing up his eyes to heaven. M. le Curé has been to see him, but he will not hear of being anointed till he has seen M. George, so I have come to fetch him : M. le Curé sent me. The girl who was sick went home last week ; her room has been stripped and purified. M. le Curé told me to say that there was no danger, and he wishes M. George to come without delay, for the old man may die any moment. He is conscious in a sort of way, but not quite reasonable like, and it's no use preaching to him whilst he frets about seeing M. George. M. and Madame and M. Jacques are perhaps coming home to-morrow, but by that time, 'tis ten to one, M. Vincent will be dead."

"Oh, Aunt Médé," Rose exclaimed, "I am so sorry! I know George loves very much that old man. There is something so pretty he wrote about him on one of those scraps of paper I picked up in his room. It began 'Old Vincent, thou alone hast known.' How sad if he died without seeing him again, and all the family with whom he has lived fifty years away."

Misé Médé fixed her eyes on Rose, those earnest, powerful eyes, which seemed to speak her thought, and Rose's filled with tears.

"Come, my child: what are you going to do?" Mdlle Lescalle asked; and anxiously waited the answer.

"Do you think, Aunt Médé, I might go to La Pinède with this good man who has brought the message, and will you go on to Marseilles with Dominique?"

"By all means," Misé Médé replied. "It was what I wanted you to do, Rosette. Here, Dominique, give Madame de Védelles her bag; she is going the other way."

Rose had jumped off her saddle, and coming close to Misé Médé's mule, she threw her arms round her, looked up in her face, and said: "Kiss me, Aunt Médé."

"God bless you, my darling," the old lady said, bending down her venerable face to press her lips on Rose's white forehead. "Go, and do your best with that poor old faithful servant, and tell him that he must think of God first, and of his young master afterwards. Get him to receive the last sacraments, and who knows what may follow? Yes, yes, little woman, I know the meaning of that beseeching look. Rely on your old Aunt Médé. What can be done, will be done; but remember Who it is that holds the reins aloft, and knows better than we do every turning of life's road. What He does is well done, Rosy; so be off, my brave child, and do your duty. Many a more dreary ride have I taken than this one of thine—in old days, when life and death were at stake. Say your beads as you jog on, and hope for the best."

A fond embrace was given, and the old woman and the young one parted, and went on their way, each with a holy purpose, each with a silent prayer.

When some hours afterwards, Mdlle. Lescalle arrived at Marseilles, she went straight from the diligence to Mdlle. Lautard's house, but

found her out. What next was to be done? It was quite uncertain when she would come home. There seemed nothing to do but wait. Waiting is hard at such moments, and she determined to try and find George de Védelles. As Mdlle. Lautard's servants did not know where M. de Belmont lived, Misé Médé walked to the Admiralty, and there obtained his direction. Off she went to the house, the address of which had been given her, and rung the bell. She did not ask herself what she should say to George de Védelles if she should find him at home. She thought that the promise made to God's servants, that He will put into their mouths the words they should speak when they appear before kings to bear witness to the truth, in a certain degree applies to all who plead the cause of right against wrong, of justice against injustice, even in the secret struggles of domestic life, and the obscure trials of individual souls. She could form no plan, she could find no words which might not prove entirely misplaced, according to the nature and state of mind of one she knew so little of as this strange young man, who had inspired once such aversion to the wife upon whom he had been forced, but for whom she now felt so evident an affection that if he did not return to her the bloom of her young life would vanish.

The bell was at last answered. M. de Belmont had left two days before, and gone on board his uncle's ship, which was to set sail that evening. Misé Médé's heart beat very fast.

"And the Baron George de Védelles, is he at home?" she asked, with intense anxiety.

"No, madame; he is also on board the *Jean Bart*, that is to say, he slept there last night. He called here for his letters two hours ago. M. le Baron embarks also to-night for America, with M. le Comte de Belmont."

"How soon do you suppose will the ship sail?" Mdlle. Lescalle asked.

"I cannot tell exactly, madame; but I suppose towards sunset."

"How long would it take to get to it?"

"I cannot tell, madame; it lies at some distance in the bay. Dear me, M. le Comte's own servant was here just now. He would have known; but the sailors at the port, not far off, would be able to inform madame."

Misé Médé returned to Mdlle. Lautard's house, and there heard that she would perhaps find her at the Military Hospital, where there was much sickness just then—she helped the Sisters of Charity to nurse the soldiers.

These words made the thought flash through her mind that Denise—Sœur Denise—might be found there also, and thither she hurried with a speed wonderful at her age. Again, there was a weary time spent in the waiting-room, after sending a message to Mdlle. Lautard to say that she was there, and wished to see her on pressing business. At last she came, that good, brave woman, with her bright, fine face,

her slightly hump-backed figure, so well known in Marseilles, and her cheering smile.

"My dear, dear old friend, is it you? I wrote to you yesterday that I had discovered M. de Belmont's address, and would try and see him on your business as soon as I could. Has anything happened since you wrote?"

"Yes, my good Amélie, a letter from George Védelles came, announcing his immediate departure for America. He leaves Marseilles this evening with M. de Belmont in the *Jean Bart*."

"You take my breath away, my dear; but tell me quick, you still want to stop him?"

"Yes; for all sorts of reasons. It is a simple misunderstanding between those poor children—both so young, both so wrongly dealt with, and a poor old servant at La Pinède is also dying, and sending for him. Rose is gone to him. My dear Amélie, all might still come right if we could stop him. But how to write a message, how to write a letter which would have that effect, and every moment is precious."

"Let us call Sœur Denise: she knows him, and we don't. I said something about him to her the other day. She told me that he is rather a strange youth, but with a great deal that is good in him, and cleverness too, she thinks, which none of his family seemed to suspect. Stop a minute, I will ask her to come and speak to you."

In a few minutes Sœur Denise came in with Mdlle. Lautard. Misé Médé, as she looked at the beautiful face under the white *cornette*, that face George de Védelles had painted with marvellous talent, said to herself, "No wonder he cared for her," and there was a twinge in her heart as she thought that even her own dear, pretty, little Rose's loveliness could not stand a comparison with the matchless face, the lovely figure, the commanding and, at the same time most gentle beauty of that daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, that humble servant of the poor.

Seated between Misé Médé and Mdlle. Lautard, Sœur Denise listened like a compassionating angel to the story, briefly told, of those two young creatures whose fate was concerned in Misé Médé's present efforts, and when the latter ejaculated, "How to explain in a few words the whole of this strange case? How to indicate it in a way that would stop him just as the anchor is about to weigh, and he fancies he is doing right to go?"

"Would the news of the old servant's danger prevail upon him?" Sœur Denise asked.

"It might, or it might not; he might even suspect a trick to prevent his departure."

Sœur Denise leant her brow on her hands, and thought a little; then she looked up with her bright, serious smile, and said: "What a blessing it is to have given up the world! A Sister of Charity can do what a young lady could not have done. Wait a minute, I must have one

word with *ma sœur*, and then perhaps we may be able to stop this mad departure."

She left the room, and soon returned with a letter in her hand, which she placed in Misé Médé's hands. It contained these words :

M. le Baron,—Your old servant Vincent is dangerously ill, and asks for you. Give up your voyage, and go to him. You promised me that if I came to the Chapel of La Pinède on the last day of May, you would grant any request of mine, whatever it might be. I was there, and I now claim your promise.

DENISE DE LA PINEDE,
Fille de Charité.

Hôpital Militaire.

"God bless you, Sœur Denise," Misé Médé exclaimed, with tears in her eyes ; "but let me just tell you that I am afraid of his going straight to La Pinède, and finding Rose, without having heard anything to enlighten him as to her present feelings towards him."

Sœur Denise took up a pen, and added this postscript : "Come first to the Hospital. There are important reasons for this."

"Will you speak to him, Sœur Denise? Will you be the angel of peace that will reconcile him to his young wife? He never could resist you, I feel sure of that."

"I am not going to be an angel at all in the matter," Sœur Denise answered, with that playful simplicity so common amongst the Sisters of Charity. "If *ma sœur* approves of it, I have no objection to see the young Baron, and to give him a good scolding. Oh, here comes our messenger. Shall the note go as it is, Mdlle. Lescalle, or will you add anything to it?"

"Oh, no," both Misé Médé and Mdlle. Lautard exclaimed ; and the missive was placed in the hands of a young sailor belonging to one of Sœur Denise's poor families, who promised not to lose a minute in conveying it to the gentleman on board the *Jean Bart*.

The bells of Notre Dame de la Garde were ringing the *Angelus*, the softened sound of their chimes floated in the transparent air as the setting sun was sinking into a bed of rosy-coloured clouds, leaving behind it that bright, lingering light, which is so striking on a summer's evening on the Mediterranean Sea.

George de Védelles was standing on the deck of the vessel, which in another hour was to weigh anchor. Sunk into a deep reverie, he was thinking at that moment of three persons, two of whom would grieve at his departure, and one who would not know of it, or if she did, never give it a thought. There was his mother. He loved her very much. When she had been ill after her accident, his misery had showed him how strong was that love. But there had been a bitter feeling in his heart for many a long day, which had saddened his affection for her. She had been tender, very tender, to him, very gentle and kind ; she had grieved at his father's harshness, and tried to make up for it ; but she had not the least understood either his character, his state of health, or his sufferings of mind. Just as much

as M. de Védelles and Jacques, she had looked upon him since his illness as a sort of grown-up child, or a nervous invalid, without energy or will or intellect. She had plotted with the others too to bring about his marriage, that marriage which had caused him such bitter humiliations. She had, indeed, had scruples on the subject, but they had been expressed too late to avail. But after resolving to abandon his home and the wife that had been forced upon him, and on whom he had been forced, now, at the last moment, the thought of his mother's sorrow haunted him. It had done so the whole of that day, but when in a *café*, where he had breakfasted, he had taken up the newspaper, and read the news of his brother's election as Deputy des bouches du Rhone, his heart had hardened again for a while. They all had what they had striven for, and schemed for—Jacques his seat, his parents the full gratification of their pride in him, M. Lescalle a good settlement and the title of Baronne for his daughter. It was all as it should be, and no one had any right to complain.

"Poor old Vincent will be sorry," he thought. "Except my mother, he is the only creature in the world who really cares for me. I shall write to him from the first place we stop at." His eyes, which were wandering over the busy town he was about to leave, fixed themselves at that moment on a square ugly building which he knew well by sight, the Military Hospital. "Well, who knows but I may tread in her footsteps; who knows that I may not some day do as she is doing, live for God alone and the poor."

It was not the first time that thought had struck him since he had left Belbousquet. The fact was that his conscience was not completely satisfied with his reasoning, and had now and then given signs of protesting, which it was necessary to lull, and the dream of a sublime vocation, to be hereafter followed, proved useful as an anodyne to troublesome doubts.

These deep musings were interrupted by M. de Belmont's voice, who cried to him from the opposite side of the deck, "George, here is a sailor-boy who has brought a letter for you with 'immediate' written upon it."

The blood rushed to George's face and brow. He had no doubt some of his family, or his wife's relations, had written to stop his departure, and all the combativeness of his nature was roused. He felt almost inclined not to read the letter before the ship sailed. Then the fear that his mother might be ill crossed him. "Good God!" he immediately exclaimed, "I cannot run such a risk," and he advanced to meet the boy, who held out the letter to him.

The instant he saw the handwriting his heart began to beat violently. When he had read the few lines addressed to him, he looked pale and agitated, but did not for a moment hesitate. Going straight up to M. de Belmont, he said, "Aloys, you will think me a very strange person, but I must go back. I cannot start with you. I have had bad news."

"Your parents?"

"No ; our old servant Vincent is dangerously ill, and asks for me ; I must be with him before he dies."

"Well, if it had been one of your family, my dear fellow—but really, I cannot see——. After you had made up your mind that you had such strong reasons for leaving France, it does seem rather changeable. I am afraid my uncle will be annoyed. He did not want to take you. I had to argue, to urge, even to exaggerate the importance of your absenting yourself for some time, to induce him to consent, and now, half an hour before sailing——"

"I cannot help it, Aloys."

"Oh, of course, poets are endowed with wonderful sensibility, and are very wayward also ; but I think this is really an exaggerated amount of feeling. If all you have tried to convince me of is the case—if you are determined not to return to your wife——"

"Quite as determined as ever——"

"Why, then, you are preparing for yourself and her all sorts of disagreeable scenes, which you so strongly argued you wished to avoid. Come, write a kind note to this poor old man, and do not in a moment give up what you took days to decide on."

"I cannot explain to you, Aloys, all the circumstances of the case. There is a promise in question, and I am bound in honour as well as in feeling to go this very moment on shore."

"Who sent this note ?"

"A Sister of Charity," George replied, commanding his emotion. Turning to the young sailor, he said, "I will return with you in your boat. Aloys, let my portmanteau and bag be handed down. Good-bye, dear and kind friend ; do not judge me severely ; I am not as wayward as you think."

"Well, stop a minute ; I must give you, if you are really going, a letter I received just now from Paris. It contains some good news, enough to turn your head. Good heavens ! there is the first signal given ; we shall be off in a few minutes. God bless you, old fellow ! Write to me."

In half an hour George de Védelles entered the waiting room of the Military Hospital. It was full of people, and sisters in white *cornettes* flitted across it now and then, speaking one moment to one person and then to another. Some one came up to him and asked him whom he was waiting to see. He stammered out, "*Sœur Denise*." "She will be here in a moment," was the reply, and he sat down again with a strange sort of wonder that he was going to see Denise again, in such a new scene and under such different circumstances. Each *cornette* that appeared at the door he watched with anxiety. At last one did appear, and under it the beautiful face he had so worshipped. It was not changed—not at all changed, and yet it looked different, or else he looked upon it with different feelings. He was less agitated than before she had entered the room. He looked at her for some time previously to her seeing him.

She was leading by the hand two little children who had been visiting their father, a sick soldier, and telling the person who had brought them to come again in a week's time. Then she turned to an old man, sitting with his chin resting on his stick, and joked and laughed with him till she made him look merry; and next she examined papers presented to her by a pale soldier with his arm in a sling, and gave him directions about the office where he was to apply for admission. Yes, she looked just as beautiful as ever; and each poor person who spoke to her seemed to hang on her words as if there had been in them a spell to bring them relief. It was delightful to watch her, as with a light step, a clear voice, and a pretty resolute manner, she got through her business with each of those who had asked for her. But as he watched and gazed, George felt that a change had come over Denise de la Pinède, which unconsciously was changing also the feelings with which he looked upon her. The wild, the agitating, the sentimental worship with which he had regarded the girl, who like an angel of beauty and brightness had visited her ancestral home, and roused in him the first emotions of a romantic affection, seemed to disappear like magic in the presence of the earnest, business-like, serene, sweet-faced Sister of Charity. They melted away in the healthy sunshine of her joyous, placid countenance as the white frost disappears from the pane where it had formed fanciful pictures. By this time she perceived him, and coming up to him with a smile, said:

"Oh, M. le Baron, I wanted to speak to you."

George felt quite calm and composed.

"You must excuse me," *Sœur Denise* said, "if I doubted for an instant that a dying person's wish to see you, and that person an old man who has loved you from a child, would be sufficient to decide you to give up your departure. Excuse me for having thought it necessary to claim the fulfilment of a rash promise, which you had probably by this time forgotten."

"I have forgotten nothing," George answered, "and I thank you for having made it impossible for me to hesitate between two duties which seemed equally imperative."

"That of consoling Vincent on his death-bed, and the other? What was that other duty, M. George?"

There was a sort of smile on Denise's face, a look of amusement in her dark, bright eyes, which piqued George, and he answered with a heightened colour:

"May I ask, *ma sœur*, if in writing to claim the fulfilment of my promise, and stopping my departure, you were actuated by the sole desire that I should visit poor Vincent on his death-bed?"

"No, M. le Baron, I wished also to save you from committing a wrong and a foolish action."

"What do you mean? How can you judge of my reasons? You do not even know what were my intentions."

"I know this much, that you are married to a virtuous and amiable

girl, and that without her consent—without the knowledge of your parents, to whom you owe respect, if not obedience ; you are acting on pure impulse, and abandoning your home, your wife, and your duties in a fit of anger or despondency."

There was something so severe in the expression of Sœur Denise's countenance, that George quailed beneath her glance. He had once looked upon her as an angel sent to console him when his mother's illness was breaking his heart. Now she seemed like a heavenly messenger commissioned to upbraid him. He felt half indignant, half subdued. His cheek was flushed and his brow contracted. He burst forth in a tone of voice as loud as was compatible with the fear of being heard by some of the groups scattered about the room, and began to justify himself. He spoke of having been forced to marry a girl he did not care for. Sœur Denise interrupted him and said :

"No force should have compelled you to do that, M. George ; you are a perfectly truthful person, and I am sure you will not venture to say that it was not optional for you to resist the pressure put upon you."

"My parents were bent on this marriage."

"If you were bound to obey them then, what right have you now to fly in their faces by forsaking the wife they have given you ?"

"She hates me, and I can never love her."

"Are you sure she hates you ? Have you tried to love her ? Have you tried to make her love you ? Have you forgot that you are bound to her by the vows you made before God's altar, and that you have no right to deal with her as with a stranger ? M. le Baron, you are a man of honour ; you would not have broken a promise you gave me, half in joke, perhaps, and you deliberately break one you made to protect and cherish this young girl whom God has committed to your keeping, and for whose soul you will have to answer, if, abandoned at the age of seventeen to all the temptations of youth and inexperience, she should stray from the path of virtue and honour. You have not thought of this ; you have been deluding yourself ; you have been on the point of committing a great sin. Thank God that He has saved you from it. Oh, M. de Védelles, how blind you have been ! how nearly wicked without knowing it !"

"She hates me, and my wish was to deliver her from the presence of one whom she looks upon with aversion."

Sœur Denise made a little gesture of impatience, and said :

"Because a child like your young wife turned her back upon you once and vexed you, are both your lives to be wretched ? Do your duty : leave the rest to God. Would I had still, as some hours ago, the right to command you !"

"Sœur Denise," George exclaimed with emotion, "listen to me : I am not so bad as you think me. I really thought what I meant to do was best for Rose, and my plans were not selfish. I left her all the means of enjoyment I renounced, and my intention was to offer myself

to work with the Catholic missionaries in the South Sea Islands, and lead, far away from Europe, the sort of life you are leading here."

Sœur Denise could not repress a smile.

"My dear M. de Védelles," she replied, "that was a very fine dream, but it is God alone Who can call people to lives of this sort, not their own deluded fancies. You have before you your path traced out. It may still be a happy one."

George shook his head.

"You can make it a happy one if you choose, even if it was full of trials and sorrows. But earthly happiness may still be yours, if you do not thrust it from you. I have a great mind to tell you a secret, in two words, for I must be off. That little wife of yours—you know I have never told a lie in my life, even for a good object—I say, your wife loves you, and is breaking her heart at your leaving her. Good-bye, M. de Védelles! Give my kind regards to M. Vincent, and tell him that Sœur Denise will offer up her communion for him to-morrow."

As she passed through the passage into the wards, Sœur Denise met Mademoiselle Lescalle, who had been praying during the whole time of the interview. She took her by the hand and led her to the window. It was getting dark, but they could see George hurrying down the street leading to the Bureau des Diligences.

"There he goes," she whispered to Misé Médé.

"Does he know he will find Rose at La Pinède?"

"No, I thought it better not to tell him so. I think all will be right; but now we must leave the rest to our good God, and hope for the best."

NOTE.—"The Notary's Daughter" is an imitation, and partly a translation, of "Un Mariage en Provence," by Madame Léonie Donnet, who has most kindly sanctioned this adaptation of her work.

Frederick the Second of Prussia.

IT is a trite remark that history, if it is to deserve the name, should be objective: it should be a record of facts, related as they occurred in the space of time under consideration. Whenever the imagination gets a footing, the truth becomes distorted; in many cases it is buried beneath the accumulated rubbish which the writer gathers about his subject, collected, not from authentic records, but from other heaps shot at random upon the public market, without discrimination between the true and the false. Romance and history are mutually destructive: they may be likened to the scales of a balance, one of which necessarily rises as the other falls. And what is true of the effects of imagination on history is still truer of prejudice: so that it may safely be asserted that it is a pure impossibility for a man to write a history of a period or a biography of an historical character, if his mind is previously warped by theories—whether of the German moonshine sort or not—or enamoured of or averse from the character he has undertaken to describe. If our Henry the Eighth be a hero to a man when he sits down to write a life of that worthy, or if Elizabeth be a modest woman in his eyes, we may be sure that, whether the writer's pages sparkle with the brilliancy of metaphor and rhetoric or not, they will not contain the same story that our public documents tell. Light and shade there are in all persons, and these are of necessity reflected in their recorded acts. History, therefore, can never, or very exceptionally, describe a series of events which is all cloudless sunshine. It is clearly, then, the first duty of the historical painter to keep his brushes carefully distinct, so as, as far as possible, to draw to the life and to distribute his colours and tints according to the model put before him.

To avoid the danger of romancing, into which a peculiar writer still living has fallen, in sketching the person and acts

of Frederick the Second of Prussia, we shall follow the guidance of a German historian¹ whose reputation is second to none for truthfulness and judicial talent. Onno Klopp's manner is to let Frederick speak for himself, to describe his own character, and to let the reader see what motives influenced his conduct and what considerations governed his life. It would seem that we cannot err in following this method. If Frederick is to be trusted, as his admirers would urge, we shall get at some portion of truth about him out of his own mouth; if Frederick's writings are not trustworthy, our description of him, drawn by his own pen, will be false; but then we shall still, through the medium of this falseness, arrive at the truth.

Frederick the Second, third King in Prussia, was born in A.D. 1712, into a family in which discord seemed to be hereditary. His father, Frederick William the First, well known in history for his love of tall grenadiers, was a well-meaning, honest man, but almost absolutely devoid of education and of the culture which good education gives. As a ruler, Frederick William was stern and autocratic; but within this limit he really had the interest of his people at heart. Within his own family the same mode of procedure characterized him: he was stern and peremptory in exacting obedience; but, though incapable of overlooking the failings or peculiarities of disposition, which must exist within the family circle, he was, according to his lights, an affectionate father. In this family the wife feared the husband, and the two eldest children, at first probably from the same sense of fear, ranged themselves on the side of the mother. The father was solitary in his own home, and his brooding, suspicious disposition was fostered and strengthened by the evident alienation of his children from him.

The oldest of Frederick William's children was Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Baireuth. She was the favourite sister of Frederick. To her the world owes some rather remarkable memoirs, about the moral value of which, however, there is some difference of opinion. We shall perhaps be able later on to come to some conclusion about this personage. At present it is sufficient to remark that, according to the judgment of sober-minded men, if half the things set down in this dutiful daughter's memoirs be true, the poor day-labourer's cottage, which could afford but dry bread and water to its inmates, might

¹ Onno Klopp, in his work, *Der König Friedrich II. von Preussen und seine Politik*. We quote the second edition of this valuable work.

justly be reckoned a paradise in comparison with the palace of the Prussian King.²

The feelings of the father towards the son were those of distrust and suspicion, founded on the conviction that Frederick was untruthful and undutiful, and that he was a wanton scoffer at religion and morality. Frederick's education, such as it was, had been altogether French. His own German he could not speak or understand. His governess had been a French woman, his tutors were French, and naturally his tastes were formed on French models. Literature and music seem to have been passions with him. He was never so happy as when engaged reading a French poet or playing the flute. He knew a trifle of Latin, which he had learnt on the sly. "My son," said his father, "shall not learn Latin; and more than that, I will not suffer any one even to mention such a thing to me." That Frederick had been taught French under the eye of his father is clear; but the father never intended the study to go beyond what necessity demanded: he had no idea of developing a literary taste. It was Frederick's excess in this respect which was, in the eyes of this German father, responsible for much of his son's folly and waywardness. The perverse tastes and inclinations of the son are the constant theme of the father's bitterest remarks. Thus, for example, after Frederick's attempt at flight, of which we shall speak presently, when, with a view of conciliating his father, he asked permission to put on again the blue coat of the King's grenadiers, the father said bitterly: "This is meant as mere flattery. The grenadiers are in thy eyes mere *canaille*; but, *petit-maitres*, French men, French women, and comedians: these are something more noble and *digne d'un Prince*." The Prince's tastes were already depraved by his indiscriminate reading; and not only his tastes but his morals were seriously impaired by the parasites he called about him whenever the fear of discovery was less strong from the absence of his father. And, it must be admitted, the father's description had much of truth in it. The father on his side was by no means blameless. He governed his wife and children with too despotic a hand; he wished to see his son, the future King, walk too strictly in the lines that pleased his own mind, and deviation from

² Whoever wishes to read this "sprightly" creature's memoirs, will find abundant extracts of their disgusting contents, made apparently by an admirer of them, in Carlyle's *Frederick*.

these lines was too severely and inconsiderately punished. Still Frederick William was a man of strictly moral life: not a word against his moral character has even his loving daughter, Wilhelmina (a favourite, apparently, of an English Frederick-worshipper of our times), been able to breathe. And under these circumstances it is no wonder if the father was filled with grief and anger and disgust at his son's taste for French teachers and literature; no wonder if he feared that the future King was being morally poisoned by living in the pestilent atmosphere of French players and poets and musicians; nay, he may perhaps be pardoned if he showed an undue severity in cases where he could only suspect, without positive proof, that his son was leading a life of vice.

Next, in August, 1730, comes the Prince's attempt at flight. The attempt, as is well known, failed. Frederick's object, it seems, was to get to England. His plan he communicated to two young associates, Katt and Keith. Money for the journey had been borrowed, the route fixed, and the time of departure settled, when lo! the King discovered the whole affair, and had his son and Katt seized. Keith luckily escaped, and bade an everlasting farewell to Prussia. The other two were tried by a court-martial. The latter could not be brought to pass sentence upon Frederick, but Katt it condemned to imprisonment in a fortress—a punishment too lenient in the eyes of the King, who changed it into death by the sword. The chief reason given by the King was “because this Katt plots with the future sun.” The question is, Why did Frederick attempt to get away? Some writers are content to answer that the reason is manifest: that Frederick wanted to rid himself of the petty domestic persecutions which his father inflicted upon him. Another writer, in interjectional phrases and capital letters, talks of desertion, soldier leaving his post, and what not. Neither of these reasons nor any other yet offered clears up the mystery. Frederick during his imprisonment writes to his father, who, as a condition of freedom, required a full confession, to the effect that all the declarations he has made are true, and that time will show the groundlessness of any suspicion that may still exist against him. He assured his father that he had not such a wicked intention as he was charged with. How could the suspicion still existing as to the object of his flight be removed by time and after events, when the attempt to fly did not succeed? The “wicked intention” was evidently some-

thing ulterior to the flight itself, and the imputation of such an intention to Frederick would, the Prince urged, be shown by future events to be unjust. If his object was merely to escape from his father's persecution, Frederick has shown an unwonted disregard for his reputation with posterity by his subsequent mysterious behaviour on this point. Why should he have feared to let the world read the process of the court-martial, if the only fault he committed was undue haste in shaking off paternal tyranny? Why should he so carefully have gathered up all the papers, and put them under seal, if he was only accused of attempted desertion from his own father's army? Why was not Preuss, for example, the noted Frederick-worshipper, allowed to break the seal that hid so innocent a secret? Yet to this day the Prussian bureaucracy dare not open those papers and let the world know the truth that is in them. We too, then, must leave this mystery where we found it.

The court martial was unwilling to pass sentence upon the King's son. Upon this, however, the King insisted in terms which show that his father's feelings had been deeply moved. What sentence he wished for will remain unknown till the papers at Berlin are unsealed. The King's anger was finally appeased by the intercession of the Emperor Charles the Sixth, who wrote an autograph letter to Frederick William to recommend mild treatment of the son.

The Court of Vienna was especially anxious to win the lasting gratitude of Prussia. The Pragmatic Sanction of Charles the Sixth had been already agreed to by the great powers and by Frederick William. This famous document was designed to settle the succession to the throne on the death of Charles. This monarch was the last descendant in the male line of the Habsburgs, and when he had lost all hope of a son and heir, he promulgated a new law, according to which the Austrian dominions were to devolve upon his daughter, Maria Theresa and her husband, Duke Francis of Lorraine. This law was accepted by all the estates of the Austrian monarchy, and was sanctioned by treaty by all the great European powers. "That instrument," says Macaulay, "was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world." It was the constant aim of the Emperor to avoid giving the slightest ground of offence, and to bind the Hohenzollerns to his side by favours and benefits. He had become the godfather of Frederick. When the domestic troubles between father and son became known, he exerted him-

self in order to bring about a better understanding. Seckendorf, the Imperial Ambassador at Berlin, was in the October of 1728 so successful in this direction that both Frederick William and Frederick wrote letters of thanks to Charles. The efforts of Charles were not confined to words. Frederick William was too sordid in his dealings with his son, whom he allowed but twelve hundred thalers a year. The son complained of this to Seckendorf, who was commissioned by his master to increase the Prince's yearly allowance by a thousand ducats. In like manner, after the Prince's attempt at flight, Charles, through Prince Eugene and Seckendorf, used all his influence to bring about the triumph of mild counsels. And now, when the balance seems to sink permanently towards extreme rigour, perhaps of the Brutus sort, the scale is turned by the Emperor Charles' autograph letter. This was written on October 11th, 1730. According to Mirabeau and Mauvillon (*Monarchie Prussienne*), the King on receipt of the letter remarked to Seckendorf: "You do not know what you are asking for. You will some day see what you will have in him." Whether this be a mere duplicate of a later and better known remark of Frederick William, it is certain that the letter produced a great impression. In his answer to the Emperor the King, after speaking of the grief the behaviour of his son causes him, declares that he has abundant reason for letting Frederick feel still further the effects of his anger. He has resolved, however, to pardon him on account of the Imperial intercession.

He (Frederick) has to thank your Imperial Majesty alone with becoming recognition that you have been pleased to honour him by your intercession; for it is purely on that account that I have been induced to pardon him. I desire and hope that this may make such an impression on his heart that he may be thoroughly altered by it, and may learn clearly to perceive how indebted he is to your Imperial Majesty for your well-proved, sincere love and good feeling towards him. And I myself shall never forget the extraordinary proofs of your sincere friendship and confidence, but shall ever strive with all my power to give your Imperial Majesty true proofs of my respect and devotion, and to show that nothing is dearer to my heart than to be united to your Imperial Majesty and your house by perpetual confidence and constant friendship, and moreover to see this relation constantly strengthened. With sincerely German heart and with all devotion, I ever remain, &c.

This letter is worth quoting, as it gives the reader a glimpse into the feelings of Frederick William towards the Emperor.

For it is to be observed that neither the letter just quoted nor that of the Emperor, to which the above is an answer, was intended for a public document. They were private communications, unfettered by official formalities: neither came under the eye of or was signed by a Minister of State. So much was Frederick William in earnest that he impressed upon his son the assurance that his forgiveness was wholly due to the Emperor. And Frederick, in writing a letter of thanks to the Emperor, promised his life long to exert himself to the utmost to give the Emperor sincere and convincing proofs of his dutiful and most grateful devotion, of his real German and patriotic zeal for the Imperial house.

The upshot of the whole matter, then, after the intercession of the Emperor Charles for Frederick, was that the prince was to be considered as under a sort of arrest. This resolve was come to by the King after several months of doubt and uncertainty. Frederick was kept in this position for the best part of two years, at the end of which period Frederick was in his twenty-first year. He was accordingly sent to Küstrin, where he was to obtain a practical knowledge of the management of affairs. Before this determination was come to, and after his forgiveness, he wrote in this strain to his father:

I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the ways of God even in the guidance of my misfortune, as He has of a surety led me by many a bitter and rugged step, though doubtless He proposes also to Himself a good end, and I am certain that He will direct things to His honour, and so that you may be completely assured of my submission.

In all the letters of this time there is a smack of falsity and, as Onno Klopp observes, none of them impressed the father with confidence in his son's sincere repentance. "In the King's letters," says the historian, "there is a peculiar mixture of distrust and fatherly feeling."

And so Frederick went to Küstrin, there, according to his father's wish, to get business habits. The reward which attention to this was to bring was the recovery of his position as a soldier. Upon this his letters are filled with plans of land-drainage, wood-growing, glass-works, cattle-breeding. He talks about hunting, his father's favourite amusement, his own aversion; he is completely absorbed in farming projects. His father gradually warmed towards him, and Frederick did not let this feeling cool for want of fair words and flatteries. "After our

God (*Herrgott*) I recognize no other lord than my most gracious father; and there is no one except yourself to whom I must show the most submissive fidelity and obedience. I assure my most gracious father that I will live and die in this dutifulness; and if you find a false thought (*Ader, vein*) in me which is not completely devoted to you, do with me whatsoever you wish."

The next point we will touch upon is Frederick's marriage. On this point the wishes of the King and Queen were opposed. The Queen had long set her heart on a double marriage between the families of Prussia and George the Second of England. According to this Frederick was to marry Anne, a daughter of George's, and Wilhelmina, Frederick's sister, was to have a husband found for her in the same family. The scheme failed. The King seems never to have considered it with much favour. Frederick himself appears to have had another game in his mind. During the confinement which followed on his attempt to run away he actually deemed it possible to marry Maria Theresa and then to renounce all claim on the Prussian throne. The futility of such a dream was quickly made clear to the mind of Frederick; and the immediate motive, which probably prompted him to entertain the notion, was removed as far as possible by the authorities of Vienna. Prince Frederick wished to escape from the domestic ties which galled his spirit; Prince Eugene exerted himself to bring father and son into harmony. Frederick was not insensible of these good offices, for in August, 1731, he instructed Seckendorf to say to Eugene that he certainly did not deserve that Prince's friendship, but that he would never forget it. He begged Eugene to put away the bad opinion which had, perhaps not undeservedly, been formed of him on account of his behaviour, and he trusted in future to prove to the Emperor and to the whole German Fatherland that a young German Prince may perhaps err, but that he can in time understand by means of good, sensible remonstrances that no quiet or security is to be hoped for without the friendship of the Emperor and least of all from combinations with foreign Powers.

Frederick William, meanwhile, who in his own way was sincerely anxious for his son's real welfare, was casting about for a suitable wife for Frederick. The countermining of the Queen failed eventually to strike on the line of the King's work, and the too-ambitious plan of the mother fell to pieces. At last the father made his choice. The choice fell on Princess

Elizabeth of Brunswick Bevern, niece (brother's daughter) of the Empress Elizabeth. She was an amiable lady and beautiful too: well brought up, modest and virtuous. The career on which she entered was one which tested her qualities to the utmost, and throughout her painful life there was never any deviation from that long-suffering sweetness, which won for her the sympathy and admiration of all who knew her.

The choice was announced by courier at midnight of February 4th, 1732. The father's letter may be judged of by the following extracts—²

You know, my dear son, that when my children are obedient I love them much. So, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you everything; and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought of nothing but of your well-being and how to establish you—not in the army only but also with a right step-mother (mother-in-law), and so see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have had the Princesses of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and examined by trusty people, what their conduct is, their education, and so on; and so a Princess has been found, the eldest one of Bevern, who is well brought up, modest and retiring, as women ought to be.

You will without delay write me your mind on this. . . . I will have (a house named) made new (renewed) for you and furnish it all, and give you enough to keep house yourself there. . . .

The Princess is not ugly nor beautiful. . . . Write to mamma that I have written to you. And when you shall have a son, I will let you go on your travels; (the) wedding however cannot be before winter next. . . .

God give His blessing to it, and bless you and your posterity, and keep thee as a good Christian. . . . Be obedient and faithful: so shall it, here in time and there in eternity, go well with thee. . . .

Your true father to the death,

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

The Prince at once answers his father's letter by assuring him of his obedience.

In later years Frederick was pleased to make the Emperor Charles partially responsible for this marriage. Our object in this paper is not to defend the house of Austria, nor even, directly at least, to provide the reader with means to judge the morality of Ferdinand's later acts towards Maria Theresa. We aim only at seeing what manner of man Frederick was. It is sufficient to quote, against the later, the contemporary

² Carlyle's translation.

Frederick, from whom we gather that Charles had expressed disapproval of the encouragement given to the marriage by the mother of the princess. Frederick thus writes—"I highly applaud the Emperor's courier by whom he denounces the foolish behaviour of his sister-in-law. How ridiculous in the eyes of the world has this woman made herself, and how it recoils upon her daughter!" Nay, it is evident that the marriage was the King's own personal wish. This, too, we learn out of Frederick's own mouth. "What then is the King aiming at? If he wants to make sure of me, that is not the way. Another woman might manage it, but not a *bête*, and it is morally impossible to love the cause of our misfortune."

This will suffice to clear the Emperor Charles of the accusation so recklessly flung at him by Frederick. Let us see how Frederick demeaned himself during this trying crisis. Did he protest to his father against this violation of a most sacred and inalienable right, the right not to be forced against his will into a marriage he disliked? Did he at all events speak the truth to his father as to his personal aversion from this union?

As to the first point, we are assured by Onno Klopp that throughout the correspondence there is not a hint from Frederick that his rights are being infringed. Moreover, his own views on the subject are in favour of his father's conduct, recognize, we say, the father's right, without consulting the son, to choose that son's wife. Such was the principle on which Frederick, the King, acted. Some years later, in 1744, the Prussian General Marwitz resolved on giving his daughter in marriage to a man of his own choice. The girl objected and obtained the protection of Frederick's favourite sister, Wilhelmina, then Margravine of Baireuth. The loving pair quarrelled about the affair. "You know," he wrote to her, "that the first and most essential duty of a child consists in obedience to the commands of those to whom they owe their life, and that parents have the right to settle the fate of their children." But this difficulty is put at rest by the fact that Frederick claimed far greater authority in this matter than his father did. He had not the rights of paternity over his nephew, the Prince of Prussia, for whom in 1769 he, as head of the house, chose Frederika of Hesse-Darmstadt to wife.

Frederick then on principle was not minded to oppose his father. The father's conduct did not present itself to the son

in the light of a violation of the natural or moral law. Any excuse therefore for Frederick's behaviour before the marriage or for his vile treatment of his wife after his marriage must be laid upon some other basis than that of an infringement of man's natural rights. Frederick did not recognize these rights as existing, and therefore he did not *resent* their violation. On this side he was not aggrieved. In practice he virtually denied their existence in the Marwitz case: the case of the Prince of Prussia may be treated at least as an *a majori ad minus* argument to prove that Frederick considered his father's conduct as quite within the limits of his authority. We can now read Frederick's letters from the true, that is, from his own, stand-point, and see how his truthfulness, his manliness, his honour shine.

We have already seen that he promptly answered his father's letter by an assent to the marriage. He wrote in the same sense to his mother. He now turned to General Grumbkow. This man was a member of a select coterie to whom the King used to impart his confidences, and whose advice he often took on affairs of State. They were of course Germans, and their rough manners seem to have been especially offensive to Frederick's refined French tastes. He nicknamed them the Tobacco Parliament, a name which has clung to them in history, and which is probably the chief reason why Frederick's worshippers can never mention them without a sneer. What we know of Grumbkow at least entitles him to every fair-minded man's esteem. At this time Grumbkow appears to have had Frederick's confidence: certainly he had more than once befriended the Prince. Frederick considers the Princess to be stupid: an irremediable fault which cannot be forgiven. Here is a letter written to Grumbkow a week after Frederick's acceptance of his father's proposal:—

I am delighted to hear by your letter that my affairs are on so good a footing with my father. . . . If I can secure the favour of the King by obedience, I am ready to do all that is in my power. But I desire that the *corpus delicti* be brought up under her grandmother.³ For I should prefer being made a cuckold of, or serving under the fontange⁴ of my future wife, than have a *bête* who would make me angry by her

³ "An airy coquettish lady" (Carlyle). Apparently more than "airy and coquettish."

⁴ "Species of topknot: so named from Fontange, an unfortunate female of Louis the Fourteenth's" (Carlyle).

stupidity and whom I could not bring out without shame. I beg you to work at this business : for when a man hates heroines of romance as I do, he fears grim virtues (*vertus farouches*), and I should prefer the greatest prostitute of Berlin to a pietist woman (*dévoté*) with half a dozen devotees at her back. If it be still possible, she must be reformed (made a Calvinist of). . . . Let the Princess learn by heart the *Ecole des Maris et des Femmes* : that will be much better for her than John Arndt's *True Christianity*. If moreover she would learn to jump to my humour (*danser sur un pied*), learn music, and rather become too free than too virtuous, oh, then, my dear General, then I should feel some inclination for her, and *un éternel* having married *une éternelle*, the pair would suit each other. But if she is stupid, I renounce her and the devil. People say she has a sister, who at all events possesses common sense. Why then am I to take the older ? The younger one is at least as good, and it must be all the same to the King, &c.

It must be borne in mind that Frederick had not, when he wrote this letter, seen his future wife ; also, as appears from the letter, that his objections to his father's choice touch extrinsic and accidental matters—whether true or not, does not concern us ; he makes no mention of coercion where coercion is immoral. Finally, his own future behaviour justifies in this point his father's present action.

Grumbkow was here on the Prince's side. He expostulates with Frederick William, who on his side exposes his reasons for his decision. It is settled that Frederick is not to be unduly pressed, to have plenty of time given him to make up his mind to the marriage.

On the 19th of February, Frederick wrote the following to his father,⁵ who showed it to Grumbkow at supper—

Most gracious father,—I have to-day had the favour of receiving my most gracious father's letter, and I am pleased that my most gracious father is satisfied with the Princess. She may be what she likes : I will ever live in accordance with the command of my most gracious father, and nothing that happens can please me better than any opportunity I may have of proving to my most gracious father my blind obedience, and I await in most dutiful submission the future orders of my most gracious father. I can swear that I feel great pleasure at having the favour of again seeing my most gracious father, as I most sincerely love and reverence him. For the rest I recommend myself to the constant favour of my most gracious father, and assure him that there is nothing in the world that can change me, while I remain to the end with all most dutiful respect and submission, &c.

⁵ Letter omitted by Carlyle, who inserts the one to Grumbkow, which follows. Let the reader observe the difference this omission makes.

Making every allowance for the manners and style of the time, we may be surprised at the effusive gushing in this bit of literature. It is not however to be supposed that Frederick's admirers would call the letter a touch of that hypocrisy which he at times reluctantly (!) put on. We will not suppose that he was deliberately cajoling his father, that he was fooling his father in a point where the father's most earnest desires and his own interest and happiness were in question, till the Prince proves this to have been the case. Frederick William, on Grumbkow handing back the letter said: "What do you think of it?" and proceeded with tears in his eyes, "it is the happiest day of my life." The father of the bride was present: the King embraced him in his delight—a wonderful scene truly for the stern military Frederick William to be the chief actor in. The son's letter was to the father at least real earnest. Grumbkow on his side was inclined to expect a happy turn in the affair. In his letters to the Prince he had spoken cautiously of the bride's beauty, which, if not of the highest order, was still considerable, so that, when he saw her, he might be pleasantly surprised on this point. The old General then went away from this scene with hopeful feelings. The next morning a letter from Frederick was handed to him, of the same date as that written by the same hand to the King. Of course the subject was the same, and Grumbkow expected the same sentiments here as in the letter above quoted. What then was his astonishment when he read as follows—

Judge yourself, my dear General, whether I can be very delighted at your description of the detestable object of my desires. For God's sake, let somebody disabuse the King. . . . I wish he would think that I am marrying not on his account, but on my own. You can let the Duke [her father] know of it some way or other. Whatever comes of it, I will not have her. I have been unlucky all my life, and I believe it is my fate to remain so; a man must have patience and take things as they are. I have suffered enough for a trespass which has been exaggerated. However, I still have remedies: a pistol-shot frees me of my trouble and life, and the all-good God will not damn me for that.

And in this letter occur the passages about quoted⁶ to show that the Emperor Charles did not approve of the marriage.

Here we have two letters written the same day, one of which is in flagrant contradiction to the other. Frederick evidently had not the moral courage to do what he wanted

⁶ Omitted by Carlyle, no doubt from inadvertence.

Grumbkow to do for him: he had not the manhood to say nay in a case in which his own happiness, not to say his inalienable right, was at stake. He strove to make his friend his cat's-paw: Grumbkow was to brave the anger of the King when Frederick feared to remonstrate with his father. So Grumbkow understood the matter. "How is it," he says in answer to the last letter, "that, while in writing to the King you agree to everything, you speak to me in the tones of despair, and want me at my own peril to meddle in this matter." Here at least we do not see on the part of the General the cold calculation, "how if the King should suddenly die upon us?"⁷ Grumbkow saw through the baseness of Frederick's conduct, and without fear of the future King he expressed, as politely as the case allowed, his indignation at such a proposal being made to him. Had the General fallen into the trap set for him and incurred the anger of the King, the dutiful Frederick could easily have fallen back upon his epistle to his "most gracious father" and disowned Grumbkow. Luckily for the latter, the letter sent to him came to hand after he had read Frederick's most obedient effusions to the King. Who then can blame the courtier if, impressed with these ideas, he forgot to ask himself "How if the King should suddenly die upon us?" and wrote sharp words of reproof to the Prince? He told the latter how the King had spoken to him at Wusterhausen when the Prince was under arrest at Küstrin: "No, Grumbkow, think over this. God grant that I speak not what will come true. My son will not die a natural death; and God grant that he come not under the hangman's hands." And in thus writing Grumbkow had before his mind the possibility of the King dying on his hands, for he added: "I know that after all this I shall lose your Highness' favour. But I am prepared for that, and you will allow me to wash my hands entirely of your affairs."

Possibly it will take many staccato sneers to damage the character of a man who could write such a letter to Crown Prince Frederick.

As might be expected, this free-speaking of Grumbkow drew an exculpatory letter from Frederick. He had not seen, nor did he yet see how he could be fairly charged with double-dealing or lying. This he writes on February 22nd. "Why," says he, boldly carrying the war into the enemy's country,

⁷ Carlyle.

"why did you draw so ugly a picture of the Princess?" He next expresses amazement at Grumbkow's anger. "I am however quite unaware that I have so absolutely promised the King to marry the Princess."

We have seen what was the nature of Frederick's promise to his father, and we look in vain for any retractation. Not a word of expostulation passes from the son, and therefore Grumbkow is perfectly justified in his determination not to interfere. It is a matter of too domestic a character for one without the circle to take in hand when the principal has not the manhood to speak in his own defence. Meantime Frederick William assumed that all was in the right way for a settlement, and under this impression he bade his son write a little more frequently to his bride. This the son did—he did not, however, internally accept the situation that his own deceit had made for him.

"I tell you my views," he wrote to Grumbkow, "just as I entertain them before God." He says that one advantage at least accruing from the marriage will be that he will have the management of his own household; but that, if the King tries to meddle, it will be all the worse for—the Princess! "I will not let myself be ruled by women. She may do what she likes, and I shall do just what pleases me. Liberty for ever." What this means has been partly before seen from Frederick's own letters—and his life was in harmony with his words. That there might, however, be no doubt about the matter, he added: "I love women-kind, but I love it in a passing way. I only want to get enjoyment from it, and then I despise it." Frederick, when he so wrote, was twenty-one years old.

But, in addition, he was on the point of marriage, and these are his sentiments about women; sentiments which in after life he never changed. We see no signs in his letters of striving after anything better, of any serious struggle with a nobler self to crush out or to quell at least these brutish ideas.

What the youth [says Onno Klopp] expressed, perhaps half in levity when he said it, the man afterwards held firmly to. He was devoid of the foundation of the moral sense of man: he never knew and never valued the honour and the love of woman. This man's life was barren and empty of love.

Again in this marriage affair we meet with the Emperor Charles the Sixth, and under a different light from that under

which Frederick in later years represented him. Whatever Charles' reasons were—selfish, political, or disinterested—it still remains that in the eyes of Frederick his acts were all on the prince's side. He opposed the marriage of Frederick with the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern's daughter. This accounts for the Prince's expressions—

This prince (Charles), who is the wonder of Europe, has only made me know him by his high-souled behaviour. I offer him all acknowledgments, and I can assure Count Seckendorf that I have more reverence for the Emperor by reason of his extraordinary qualities than on account of his rank. I am unlucky enough not to be able to repay all the care of my friends by my good intentions, but I hope I am not predestined to cause them trouble.

Frederick William on his side became testy under the action of the Emperor. He declared that he had pledged his word for the marriage, that his honour was at stake, and that he could not break the affair off. His son seconded and encouraged him by his constant and repeated assurances of obedience and submission; the obedience, we see, of a slave, but still obedience before his father, who, however much he might suspect and distrust his son, did not know what was hidden behind the thick veil of lying and hypocrisy which Frederick spread over his father's eyes.

Most of Frederick's misery arose from his bad and perverse will. The fault was not, he admits, in the princess. "She is neither beautiful nor ugly, nor wanting in sense," he wrote in March, 1732, to his sister: "but she is very ill brought up, timid, and totally behind in manners and social behaviour." We need not of course believe this latter part, as her own letters, the general esteem and sympathy she won from all who knew her, and the sweet patience with which the deeply injured wife afterwards bore herself, all go to make up a different portrait. She was a lady whose presence would act as a check on his licence, or at least as a reproach on his bad life. Frederick wanted to be free, as we have heard him say; he found all he desired in the company of things such as Von Wreech, and hence he could not indure the prospect of being shamed into propriety. "After the marriage I am master, with the permission to pay the sposa a visit now and then. I shall then set myself on a right footing with my father, and shall strive to show him that I know what one is, and that one does not intend to be a thing ready to be guided by anybody."

The preceding letter Frederick wrote to Grumbkow : the following he wrote to his sister, a kindred spirit. "I do not love the Princess. I have an aversion for her and our marriage means nothing, for neither friendship nor union can exist between us. Apart from this the King does not ill-treat me, but he distrusts me, and this cursed marriage is the cause of all my trouble."

"After this fashion," says Onno Klopp, "he lets out his ill-humour and aversion. And the man who so felt dares not even yet openly and resolutely to assert to his father the right of his human personality. He dares not, I repeat, even once say that it is the right of every man not to be forced to take such a step. He is obedient. But this obedience is the obedience of a slave."

In June, 1733, he went through the marriage ceremony. He at once writes to his sister: "The ceremony is just ended, and thank God that all is over. I hope you will look upon it as a sign of my friendship that I send you the first news of it."

Mr. Carlyle seems to have been fascinated by Frederick's sister, Wilhelmina. Her fearless impartiality in narrating domestic affairs, even at the expense of her father, seems to jump with that writer's humour. She has a caustic pen and is not scrupulous in its use. The English writer loads his pages with passages on domestic quarrels and bickerings drawn from this dutiful Princess' memoirs. The German writer, whose life of Frederick we are following, declines to make use of her. Her portrait is distasteful enough even as drawn by the hand of her English admirer. We will now see how her loving brother unconsciously describes her by looking at the nature and tone of the correspondence that passed between them during the closing months of their father's life.

The son in his letters to his father is, as we have seen, full of the most submissive devotion. The father's good pleasure is the son's law. In the said letters this relation between the two lasted to the end of Frederick William's life. The latter died in the May of 1740. Already in 1734, he describes in a letter to his sister the strange whims of the King and, after telling her that he is going to live at Reinsberg, he adds: "Judge for yourself what a pleasure it is to me to get out of this humiliating position." "You may reckon on being spared a visit from Serenissimus," he writes to her on another occasion.

In the latter part of this year the King fell sick; upon this event the son thus comments :

The accounts we receive of the King are very bad. He is in a bad state, and people think he has not long to live. Now, I have made up my mind not to sacrifice my peace of mind whatever happens; for *au bout du compte* I am deeply convinced that, so long as he lives, I shall never have a quiet time of it, and I believe that I shall find a hundred reasons against one to make you also forget him as soon as myself. What makes you so soft towards him, my dear sister, is that you have not for a long time seen him. But if you were again to see him, I think you would let him rest in peace without troubling yourself about him. We will find our comfort in each other, my dear.

The King's life seems to be in danger, and the Prince writes :

I can say to you without disguise, sister, that the King's end is drawing dear, and that he can hardly live over the close of this year. We must make up our minds to this, my dear; and though I am in a certain sense distressed, still in compensation I feel great pleasure because I shall be in a position to serve you, to give you proofs of my good will and of my regard for you. But, my dear sister, allow me in spite of all this to tell you that my fortune and my life are in your hands. You know that I could not live without you. Permit me then on my knees to beg the favour of a visit from you. If you refuse me this I shall die of distress.

A letter so full of brotherly interest and love deserved a gracious answer. Here it is :

The favour you show me of allowing me in the event of a change to live with you would be very agreeable to me. People tell me that the King is better; but he writes to me with his own hand saying that he is still very ill. To speak the truth, I do not desire that you should again get back into this position. For I greatly fear his ill-humour, as he does not consider his death to be as yet near, and this sickness, as it appears to me, is one rather of a tedious than of a decisive character. The Queen is beside herself and it will be a hard blow to her, although in fact she will be all the better off for it. At this very moment the courier is coming in. God grant that the news of your arrival here is true, and that you will be left here till the opening of the great epoch.

Frederick William, however, got so far well as to be able to go to Potsdam. Here he is joined by his son. Baron Seckendorf is our informant on the heir's behaviour in the presence of his father.

The Prince is really touched by the state of his father. His eyes are always full of tears, and he has almost cried them out of his head. He

has thought out a way of making a comfortable bed for the King. He was unwilling to leave Potsdam but the King compelled him to do so, and he is to return in a few days. The Prince says: "if the King would let me live as I like, I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years." The King always calls him "Little Fritz."

The "Little Fritz" was forced away, as we have seen, from the sick-bed of his father. Excessive grief would doubtless have soon impaired his health. However, though at a distance, the young man's heart is still at Potsdam. His father writes to him and is unable to cheer his son with news of improvement in his condition: on the contrary he grew worse. "Fritz" is in deep distress:

I wish we might hear a good account of my most gracious father's illness: the ardent prayers and wishes of so many people will no doubt have some effect with God. Would to God that I could help my most gracious father: I would willingly give my life for him.

To his sister Wilhelmina he writes in this strain:

He says he has been sent away from Potsdam to Ruppín; that he is greatly surprised at the King doing this at a time when he is near death. "In case any misfortune happen, you shall get the first news of it. As for myself, I have nothing to fear and am in perfect peace."

Well, both brother and sister, whose instincts in smelling coming death were sometimes at fault, were on this occasion to be disappointed. And the way the "great" Frederick takes his disappointment is interesting. In January, 1735, he says:

I have to inform you with the greatest astonishment in the world that the King is better. He is beginning to move about, his health is better than mine, and he eats and drinks enough for four. I await [he again says] with impatience the development of the great epoch (the father's death and the son's succession). The King gets better when he likes and gets worse as he finds it convenient. I was at first deceived, but now I have penetrated through the mystery. You may depend upon it, my dear sister, that he has, thank God, the constitution of a Turk and that he will outlive generations to come, if only he thinks proper and takes care of himself.

We still follow Klopp in quoting Frederick's letters, even at the risk of wearying our readers. Commentary on these documents is unnecessary: observations upon them, if omitted, would probably raise suspicions of bias or prejudice.

The next event of any importance to us is the death of the Duke of Brunswick, Frederick's father-in-law. This "sad

news," he writes to his father, he thought would almost have terrified him to death, as nobody knew that the Duke was ill. "I expect my wife will be very distressed by the event. Therefore I wished to ask my most gracious father whether he would allow me to go to Berlin to console her"—dutiful husband as he was!

To his sister Frederick writes thus: "My God, how entranced I am at the behaviour of the Duke of Brunswick! He has had the politeness to die like an obliging man, in order to give his son pleasure."

Frederick William at last died, on May 31, 1740, and Frederick became King. It is a curious fact, as Onno Klopp tells us, that twenty-one of Frederick's letters, written between November, 1739, and May, 1740, and therefore presumably of great importance for understanding the Prince's frame of mind during his father's last illness, do not appear in what may be called the official edition of Frederick's works. The editor, however, says that all Frederick's letters and his sister's answers have been preserved. That the letters in question were written is proved to evidence by Klopp from Frederick's own words. Were the letters too racy to be published, dealing as they most probably did, with so indifferent an affair as a father's illness and death?

And here, for the present at least, we take leave of our readers. If any of them have ever read any parts of Mr. Carlyle's effusions over Frederick, they may have fallen upon the following passage, quoted with approbation by that person from Frederick's writings about himself: "*Je n'ai jamais trompé personne durant ma vie.*"

Our readers must judge for themselves.

Ars in 1877.

HOLY places and shrines, like the great servants of God, have each its distinguishing character. One of the charms belonging to the lives of the saints is this marked individuality: the love of God, unlike the love of creatures, when it has become the master-passion of the heart, never ravages and lays it waste; it destroys nothing which has a right to be there, it purifies the fountain, it never dries it up; and so the sweetness, the strength, the impetuosity, or the tenderness which was naturally the predominating characteristic of a holy soul, continues to stamp it to the end, only purified, elevated, and perfected by the grace of the Spirit of God. And one cannot help noticing something of the same sort in those favoured places where He has been pleased to make special manifestation of His power and love. Each has its own peculiar stamp, each touches its answering chord in the soul, as each has its own gift and blessing for those who visit it in faith and simplicity. Lourdes breathes purity and joy: nothing more bright and smiling could even be imagined in a dream than the scene which is so fair a setting to the sanctuary of the Immaculate Conception: the smooth green hills, the whispering trees, the rushing, rejoicing river, all seem to repeat the words which we read in silver letters round our Lady's statue, which her own sacred lips murmured in the ear of her happy child, and which thrill in the hearts of all who kneel in that wondrous grotto—*Je suis l'Immaculée Conception*. And at Paray all is indescribably solemn. An adoring silence seems to wrap you round from the moment you enter the little court which leads to the door of the chapel, and salute the statue of the Sacred Heart above, and to deepen sensibly as you enter, and can at first distinguish nothing in the dim richness round you but the lamps, hanging like crimson stars above the sanctuary which witnessed so many marvellous communications of the Divine Master to His humble servant, some of which He has revealed for our adoration, while more still are

secrets between the Sacred Heart and hers. The words which are engraved round the tabernacle door are the key-note of the sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial—

O Cor, amoris Victima,
Amore nostri saucium.

And what is the spirit of the little rural parish nestling among the Beaujolais hills, by the sleepy waters of the Fontblin, which was so utterly unknown till consecrated by the miraculous life of the holy Curé who has made Ars a household word throughout not France only, but the whole Catholic world? It is that which was especially *his* spirit, holy poverty and complete unworldliness in the homeliness and simplicity of the place and its people, their primitive ways, untouched by the faintest colouring of the world and its fashions—all this is a charm, the greater because it is so right and fitting where he laboured and died whom St. Francis himself could have wished no different. The cordial kindness and politeness, too, remarkable even in France, must surely have been learnt in great measure from that mirror of Christian courtesy whose portrait, his biographer tells us, was sketched by anticipation when St. John Chrysostom described the really humble man as one who is *gratiosus et suavis omnibus*, for we know that it was the holy Curé who made Ars a model parish, and that he found his flock rude and rough, as well as in a state of the greatest spiritual need.

Ars possesses two or three "hôtels," in no way differing from the rest of the better sort of houses in the place except by the notice over the door, but I was fortunate enough to be lodged in the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the much loved *Providence* of the saintly Curé, the scene of so many miracles, so many works of grace, the place of which he said himself, "All the good that has been done in this house will never be known till the Last Day." The readers of Père Monnin's beautiful *Life of the Curé d'Ars* are familiar with the story of its foundation, its support by the Providence whose name it bore, and whose wonderful series of miraculous aids were the sole and never-failing funds of the saint whose *système financier*, as we have heard it described, was *tout donner ne rien garder*. Here first began the famous *catéchismes*, which for thirty years were listened to with rapt attention by countless pilgrims. It was for the instruction of the orphans of *La Providence* that they were instituted, and in its little dining-

room, unchanged in every respect since those days, that they met to hear *M. le Curé causer du bon Dieu*. Whenever he had a special grace to ask, he set his orphans praying, and we have his own assurance that they were always heard. The pilgrimages of 1825 and the two following years followed close on a series of novenas for the conversion of sinners, made by the *directrices* and children of *La Providence*. The storm raised against this holy and humble house, and the change of plan which was the result, was perhaps the severest trial of the Curé's life, and at the same time that which brought out most strongly his perfect abandonment to the Divine will. The Sisters of St. Joseph, to whom the house and chapel were eventually ceded by M. Vianney, were careful to carry out his views in the part of his design (a very important part) which remained, and it continues to produce an abundant harvest of good. Every corner of the house is holy ground. "C'est sur ce meuble que M. le Curé s'accoudait bien souvent en causant avec ses missionnaires," were the first words I heard from the Sister who took me into the little dining-room, and close by is the *pétrin* in which the dough was miraculously multiplied, perhaps the best known and remembered of the miracles wrought by the saint, miracles which are "countless," to quote the *missionnaire* engaged in collecting materials for the process of beatification. He himself always ascribed this one to the relics of St. Francis Regis, whom he had made *administrateur* of his *Providence*; just as he gave St. Philomène the credit of the miraculous cures wrought at Ars. Probably Catharine Lassagne was right when she said to me, "Je crois, pour ma part, qu' ils s'entendaient bien—lui et elle."

I was happy enough to have more than one interview with this holy Catharine, the faithful devoted daughter of the saintly Curé, whose notes have furnished so many precious recollections of his instructions, and whose memory is full of his sayings and doings. M. Toccanier, the present excellent curé, warned me that I must be *un peu adroite* to draw her out, as she has the reserve of a refined nature in speaking of what touches her very closely. But, thanks to this hint, she talked to me freely and kindly of *notre saint*. She is a wonderful person, and next to the grace of praying on his tomb, I count that of having made her acquaintance. "Après le saint Curé, c'est la plus belle âme que j'ai connue," said her present pastor, and one can easily believe it. There is a remarkable dignity and simplicity about

her, a frequent characteristic of French women of her class, and intensified in her case by the holy peaceful spirit which is her irresistible charm. I asked her how she felt when she saw the dough made from the little handful of flour swelling and rising till it overflowed the *pétrin*. She answered with her quiet smile, "Mais, vous savez, on ne s'étonnait pas de cela." "Tout de même, vous avez éprouvé quelque chose?" "De la joie, je le crois bien—et puis, on aimait à le manger—ce pain-là." "Enfin, c'est que le surnaturel était presque devenu le naturel à Ars?" "Eh bien oui—un peu comme cela." And indeed when we think of that wonderful life, which was a continual miracle, renewed each morning, we feel that those with which every day was crowded were only the fitting atmosphere of a soul so closely united to God that the practice of the most heroic virtues cost him no effort, and whose intercourse with Him may be called incessant, for "his labours were only the continuation of his prayers: he was either speaking to God, or of Him: pouring forth acts of love to Him, or winning others to love Him." To quote Catharine once more: "J'ai dit à M. le Curé: 'jé pense que le bon Dieu cherche quelqu'un qui fera toute Sa sainte volonte,' et que quand, il l'a trouvé, c'est Lui Qui fait la sienne."

It has been well said that the reformation of his parish was the first miracle of the Curé d'Ars. Most of us remember the simple but wonderful story of that work of God: how, before attacking any of the abuses he found at Ars, he laboured to inspire his people with devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, how he at once established a Perpetual Adoration in the Church (at first the worshippers were but three), and then, working, like M. Olier, from this Divine Centre, gradually brought his flock to the frequentation of the sacraments, the recitation of the Rosary, and the regular attendance at night prayers. Gradually, but surely, all else followed: the two taverns of the village were closed, the dances which were a source of so much disorder were suppressed, and the Sunday began to be observed with that religious strictness which has been the wonder and admiration of so many pilgrims, and which made one of them say that to spend a day at Ars was "to take leave of the nineteenth century, and to go back to the ages of faith." His work did not die with him: the village, quiet and unworldly as it is, is a stirring place, as regards business, compared to what it was when the holy Curé entered on his duties, and as no regular

road to it existed, waited on his knees praying for his new parish, the roofs of which he could just make out in a tangle of fruit trees, till a little shepherd boy came by and guided M. le Curé to the place he was come to bless. Does it not read, as so many passages in his life do, like a page out of the *Fioretti*?

Now, the necessities of the pilgrimages have caused little hotels, workshops, and *magasins*, of a very modest type, to spring up, but they are all closed on Sundays; no new taverns have been opened, and the hotels are merely houses for the accommodation of strangers; there is no gathering of the inhabitants there, and on Sundays they are closed except for the meals of the pilgrims. The Masses are crowded, and the Communion frequent: even on week days the numbers who assist at Mass are remarkable. I was told that the holy Curé's injunctions as to the strict observance of the Sunday are remembered and respected, and that even in threatening weather during harvest time, no reapers are then in the fields. The voice which so often told them that "to work on Sunday was the certain way to get poor" still speaks to the hearts of these faithful peasants, who love to tell of a certain Sunday when none of the harvest was gathered in, and the sky was darkened by big black rain-clouds driven up by a high wind, and how M. le Curé quietly forbade them in his sermon to touch a sheaf, promising them a longer run of fine weather than they would need. By evening the sky was cloudless, and no rain fell for a fortnight.

The little free school for boys, which the Curé d'Ars founded nearly thirty years ago, has continued to increase and prosper under the care of the excellent Brothers of the Holy Family, to whose management he intrusted it, and who are loved and valued as they deserve by the inhabitants. Besides day scholars, the establishment counts between one and two hundred boarders, and the good brothers render the greatest services to the pilgrims, to whom they are always ready to show the most courteous kindness. Their chapel is full of gifts and memorials of the holy curé; and they possess one precious relic, a small phial of his blood, which is always liquid, and which many now living may hope to see receiving the public veneration of the faithful. They are the guardians of that little chamber, the only one he ever used in his poor presbytery, from which his holy soul went to God as these words of the Commendation were being read—

Veniant illi obviam sancti angeli Dei, et perducant eum in civitatem celestem Jerusalem—that reliquary full of precious and touching memorials, guarded by the grating where some worshippers are found kneeling every day, and paying to the saint of Ars the homage of that anticipated canonization which began when the bishop who loved him so well spoke over his grave, eighteen years ago, the words which he said he prayed to hear one day sung in his honour by the infallible voice of the Catholic Church—*Euge serve bone et fidelis, intra in gaudium Domini tui.*

The greatest care is taken to wait for that day before allowing any of the open demonstrations of honour which his people long to render, but no one who has visited Ars can doubt that the *cultus* is established in their hearts. Nothing but a roughly carved chalice, without a word or date, marks his grave; but at all hours of the day a knot of worshippers are kneeling there, and nothing is more simply touching than to see them laying the day's provisions—loaves of bread, baskets of vegetables—on the tomb, for M. le Curé's blessing. Day by day the orphans of *La Providence* pray there for all who help in re-establishing their first Father's work in the fulness of his original design; and there, too, silently, and often unheard of beyond a narrow circle, God continues to attest the sanctity of His servant by miracles which will one day be announced by infallible authority. Very quietly, but very steadily, the work of the Curé d'Ars goes on. The *Œuvre des Retraites* is a perpetual source of spiritual blessings; from April to November there are two retreats a month, which are well attended, and followed by an abundant harvest.

The pilgrimage of Ars, too, has never ceased. Its character, indeed, is changed from the days when the average of pilgrims brought to Ars in a year, only by the omnibuses plying between the village and the Villefranche station, was more than eighty thousand. It was a movement which can without exaggeration be compared to that which bore a living tide of souls to the feet of the fathers of the desert, or, at a later date, to follow the steps of the wonder-working preachers of the ages of faith. And perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is that it was in an age of incredulity that all this happened; that when the idea of a *saint* had almost been forgotten, when enthusiasm and faith had become dreams of the past, France was suddenly startled at finding her children still animated by Catholic feelings, still full of spiritual life, and saw them forced by an irresistible desire to believe and reverence, kneeling, day and

night, round the confessional of a poor village curé. "Ars was the protest of the nineteenth century against the false teaching of its predecessor." For it must always be remembered that it was to the *confessor* that the first pilgrims came; later on the sick were brought for cure, and numbers, many of them among the highest intellects and most cultivated minds of Europe, sought counsel and guidance from the pure and holy soul of whom his bishop said—"Je ne sais pas s'il est instruit, mais il est éclairé:" but the leaders of the band were poor sinful souls, who came to lay their burden down at the foot of the Cross.

The world knew nothing yet of the Curé d'Ars, the papers had not begun to speak of the man who was soon to be sought by thousands far and near, and who died without having an idea what a railway was like; but there was, as Père Monnin says, a "Chronicle of Ars," which circulated through the country, telling by word of mouth "how gentle he was to sinners, how patient with the scrupulous, how kind to the weak, how pitiful to the mourners, how helpful to all." And every day brought him such visits—his "bonnes fortunes," as *he* styled them, God's answers to his ceaseless prayers and fasts and mortifications for the conversion of sinners, as we see them to be. One of Catharine's simple forcible sayings describes the wonderful work in a few words—"La grâce était si forte qu'elle allait les chercher."

When the holy soul of Jean-Baptiste Marie Vianney went to God, the whole aspect of the pilgrimage was necessarily altered. At times, especially on the anniversaries of his death and burial, large numbers of pilgrims, among whom are many bishops, crowd the village, but the vast throngs which were a constant sight there for thirty years were seen for the last time on that 6th of August, 1859, when more than six thousand mourners, among whom were three hundred priests, listened to the funeral oration spoken by the Bishop of Belley over the coffin of the Curé d'Ars. Still, his apostolate is not ended, we have the testimony of one well qualified to judge, that if the pilgrimage has lost many of its most striking characteristics, it has even gained in the spirit of quiet devotion and recollection. And the whole place speaks of him: the sanctuary he built and loved so dearly, the poor little room which witnessed so many wonderful austerities, so many conflicts with the evil one, so many supernatural visits and consolations, the confessional, which one cannot look at without marvelling

gratitude when one thinks of the countless dead souls raised to life during the sixteen hours a day he laboured there all those years, the pulpit where those inspired words were spoken, and the tomb where his holy body—may we not say his relics?—rest. For God has spoken by the miracles wrought there, and the day will come when *notre saint*, as his people fondly call him, will be worshipped as such by the whole Church. For that time we wait and pray; and I think that we English may be moved to desire it very earnestly by some words which he spoke to one of our own bishops, who repeated them to the priest from whose lips I heard them. The bishop came out of the room where he had had an interview with M. Vianney, much moved and impressed. "Savez-vous," he said to the priest who met him as he left the house, "que votre saint curé vient de me dire ces mots: 'Je vous dis que l'Angleterre reprendra toute sa gloire ancienne.'" We know what his gift of prescience was, and how wonderfully it was manifested again and again, and knowing this we may well find comfort in the prophecy. We know, too, how God loved to answer his prayers; a poor man once said a beautiful thing about it: "Cela n'est pas étonnant. C'est un serviteur de Dieu. Dieu obéit à Ses serviteurs."

When asked for his prayers, his habitual answer, very characteristic of his modesty and humility, was, "Eh bien, j'y penserai." Now that his intercession is still more powerful, shall we not claim it for the conversion of our country in the words so often addressed to him still by those who love and trust in him—*Saint Curé d'Ars, pensez-y ?*

A Trial for Heresy, A.D. 1620.

PART THE FIRST.

THE following narrative of his trial for heresy which we have from the pen of Father Patrick Anderson, S.J., forms a fitting supplement to the Notes of his Mission in Scotland, which was published in the MONTH for last December. In a letter addressed to Father General Mutius Vitelleschi, and dated from Scotland, May 14th, 1620, Father Anderson repeats at considerable length the conversations, as we may call them, which took place between himself and his examiners.

The nature of these conversations marks a wide difference between the mode of conducting the examination of prisoners in Scotland from that which Father Morris' books and other records make us familiar with in the history of English trials. Father Anderson's judges seem to have really thought highly of the character and attainments of the prisoner before them, and to have made no concealment of the fact, if we may judge from the courtesy, deference, and even familiarity with which they treated him. At times we are startled at the terrible threats with which an almost playful remark is unexpectedly followed. We are inclined to ask ourselves whether all the fine speeches of his examiners were not spoken after all in the most cruel and unfeeling irony. Their manner reminds us of the treacherous cat tormenting while it plays with the mouse, which it intends to devour as soon as the poor mouse has grown too weak to afford it its merciless sport.

When we turn to the answers and the whole bearing of the good Father, we can have no feeling but that of admiration. A confessor for the faith has rarely shown so much heroic self-possession, enabling him to bring calmly to bear upon his judges his sound theology, his perfect acquaintance with the whole Protestant position and line of argument, the variety of subjects on which he was well informed, his powers of close argument, his ready wit, immediate detection and as prompt escape out of each snare so craftily laid for him. But far above

all these qualities, Father Anderson never for a moment failed to impress his examiners with a feeling of his thorough earnestness, and though for one instant his expressions sound almost too courteous, too respectful and complimentary, he evidently with design makes them the occasion of breaking out into the most fearless and uncompromising protestations of his faith, of his constancy, of his willingness and earnest desire to bear any torture, and give up his life for the truth. If the reader looks back to the MONTH for December, he will find that Father Anderson was ultimately set at liberty, and died in London.

Very Reverend Father in Christ Jesus,

Pax Christi Jesu.

Your Paternity knows well how great has been my care and trouble during these last years, and how much I have undergone for the sake of this my country, which the fierce boar of heresy has almost completely destroyed, shaken from its foundations. What labours, what perils by land and by sea I underwent to win these souls redeemed by the blood of Christ to the faith of their Fathers! It at last pleased the Most High, Whom I, though an unprofitable servant, serve in spirit, to receive these my labours, and by His grace to ennoble and reward them with imprisonment and other sufferings. To Him, Who was with me in all my tribulations be glory and honour, for I know that He will save me. I left the north of Scotland, in which I had spent the winter, and came to the south about the month of May last, on the seventeenth day of which, in Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, by the contrivance of one Boyd, who professed himself a Catholic, I was seized by the magistrates. At the moment of my capture I greeted my betrayer most kindly, saying, "Friend, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a salutation? God forgive thee." Meanwhile the satellites rushed upon me, took away whatever I had, and searched everything, but in vain. A crowd assembled, and the news spread directly through the city, "Anderson is caught; no doubt he is in all the Jesuits' secrets." They took me to prison and threatened the head gaoler with the loss of his life and the confiscation of all his goods if he let any one speak to me. The windows were nailed up, and my knife, which was for cutting food, was taken from me. These good Evangelicals thought I had so much on my conscience, that I was likely to lay violent hands on myself. They also took away various other necessities. The magistrates and great people went away, and I was left alone. I collected myself, fell on my knees and, overwhelmed with joy and tears, I gave thanks to my sweetest Jesus that He had granted to me not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His Name from the enemies of the holy Catholic Church, and humbly begged the Eternal Father, through the precious Blood of Jesus, that He would

grant me speech and wisdom which my enemies could not resist, that this imprisonment might be acceptable to Him in union with the Passion of His Son Jesus, for Whom to suffer is the greatest glory, and that I might fight the good fight, and be found faithful to Him in Whom I have trusted. Shut up in this narrow cell, and deprived of the fresh air, which I used to breathe through the chinks of the window, I thought of David's words, *Os meum aperui et attraxi spiritum*. I fell ill, suffering at once most acutely from colic and gravel. Vomiting succeeded, disgust of all food, and frequently utter prostration of mind. Worse than all, they would not allow the warder to give me any help. I rejoiced that my most faithful Jesus, Who does not suffer His own to be tempted beyond their strength, did not withdraw His Divine aid when human help seemed to be out of reach. Contrary to all experience, after a few days, both my ailments decreased, the vomiting ceased, and I became soon convalescent, remaining however very weak. This is quite natural to me since I have borne the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ in the Society. I know that strength is made perfect in infirmity, and infirmity is not a less good gift than health, but is often a better. When I was stronger one of the magistrates, with the principal ministers of the town, came to see me. They saluted me and asked how I was. I replied,

"Readily and willingly do I suffer here for Christ, for Whom to suffer is the greatest glory."

"The cause, and not the suffering, makes the martyr, Master Anderson," said one of the ministers.

"I am certain that mine is the cause of Christ, and that it is that for which St. Cyprian, whose words you quote, suffered."

"How can you be certain, Master Anderson," said the minister, "when it is a dogma of your faith to doubt about matters of faith."

"It is not so," replied I, "the truth is the very contrary. Our doctors of theology distinguish two kinds of doubt. The first intellectual, which rather embraces the manner of the thing than the thing itself which is firmly believed, and it is evident from your own Bible that the holiest and most faithful men have had doubts of this kind which are of no moment. A wilful doubt, say they, is another thing, and it is of such that it is commonly said, 'He who doubts is no longer faithful.' Let it thus be far from us, Sir Minister, to harbour such doubts as these, but let us condemn them as heresy and infidelity."

"It is just as Master Anderson says," said another of the ministers, whom this had much piqued; "one can be certain of the things of faith, but one does not believe with the certainty of Divine faith, for instance, that one is in the grace of God."

"Quite so," said I, "and exactly what we believe. But," added I, "I will prove to you, my masters, that you Protestants must necessarily doubt of all the articles of your faith, if indeed faith it can be called. Pray," said I, turning to one of the ministers, "how do you know that Christ the Lord is the Redeemer of the world?"

"Our Bible proves it," replied the ministers.

"Very well," I retorted; "but how do you know that your Bible is the Word of God? Is it because the Church says it? You say the true Church has erred, and consequently can err. You confess, with the King, whom may God bless, and with Calvin, that the Roman Church was the true Church during the first four hundred years, but that she afterwards erred; whence it follows that the true Church, whichever she be, can err. Let us grant that the Scotch Church be the true one, and that she approve the Scottish Bibles as the Word of God. If she do, it is in vain, for she may err in this approbation. Whence he who believes in this Church will always be in doubt concerning the things which such a Church approves, because if the true Church herself can err, how much more can one member? Let us suppose that thou art a minister of the Scotch Church, to celebrate the Lord's Supper and preach to the people. A Protestant enters the temple to hear thee, and receive the Lord's Supper. This thought comes into his mind: The Scotch Church is indeed the true Church, but she may err; how much more this minister, who is only one of her members? How shall he preach infallibly, and with that infallibility that is required for the things of faith, and how shall he preach truth rather than fables? or how shall he have true authority to preach and administer the sacraments? Nothing here is certain; all is doubtful. The foundation of faith ought to be infallible, and if it be not, there is no Divine faith, but a vain human opinion."

"We will appoint an auditor," said the ministers, "who will examine into what we say, and compare it with the Bible itself."

"That would be of no use," said I, "for if you can err in preaching, how much more could he in this collation? You must indeed say that the Roman Church has erred, in order thus to show that you are sent from God."

This argument piqued the listeners not a little. They did not know which way to turn, for they knew it was an *argumentum ad hominem*, and deduced from their own principles. One of them, however, retorted, "You Catholics and Papists have no greater infallibility in the articles of your faith."

"We have the very greatest," I answered. "We have infallibility, we tread another way, and one which leads to life. For we believe, with a firm faith, that the true Church cannot err; so all your Bibles have it, 'And the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' 'I will pray the Father that thy faith may not fail.' 'I am with you (all days) to the end of ages;' 'the Church is the pillar and ground of truth,' and any number of other things of the kind. Thus the true Church has the same infallibility which God has, Who promised her His unfailing assistance. Therefore, whatsoever this Church proposes to be believed by her children, as revealed by God, must of necessity be infallible. Thus there is the greatest unity of faith with us, and no variation. What things, therefore, the Roman Church believed during the first four

hundred years, and which our Church also believed, she believes still without any change. You, on the contrary, alter the Bible and the articles of faith year by year. There are as many opinions as there are heads among you, and no unity, no conformity."

"Surely," interrupted a councilman, "Anderson, with all his sublimities and sophistries, is corrupting the whole country."

Much more occurred during this discussion, which I omit for brevity's sake. The Catholic nobles who were then in the city heard that if I had not confuted the ministers, I had at least bothered them, and this report came from the Protestants themselves, for they never suffered any Catholic, who might tell the truth, to be present. I had at least silenced them. The report of this discussion spread abroad to the great joy and consolation of the Catholics. To Him be glory from Whom is every good and perfect gift, for ever and ever. Amen.

After having skilfully disconcerted the ministers, and turned their argument against themselves, Father Anderson was considered worthy of coping with adversaries of higher position and, it was to be supposed, of greater learning. The fame of his disputations had evidently spread far; noblemen and magistrates wished to hear him, and seemed to have secretly rejoiced at the discomfiture of their ministers. The Father was taken to the Town Hall, and there confronted not only with members of the Council, but with four Bishops. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's took the lead. Before, however, narrating this second day's discussion, Father Anderson carries on the history of his imprisonment by recounting the treachery practised against him by his own servant, and the similar risks to which all Catholics were exposed.

But there was a circumstance which caused me the greatest pain, and made me shed many tears, so that I might have said with the Prophet, "My tears have been my bread day and night." I had a servant whom, for greater security, I used to send to the houses of heretics at my own expense, that he might hide safely and quietly there. He was caught, through his own fault, by the Council, and revealed the names of certain Catholics, or at least of those who were believed by all to be Catholics. Thus did the miserable fellow reward me. The event, by God's blessing, was fortunate, because I could deny all that he asserted, and those Catholics had not a few friends among the heretics. That servant was the brother of an excellent Catholic woman, who has been sixteen years excommunicated by the ministers for the Catholic faith. This woman, and one of our Fathers, who had shortly before reconciled her to the Church, besought me earnestly to take him for a servant, and pledged themselves for his conduct; but the event was unfortunate. He only remained five months in my service.

Here, in Ireland, and in other places, our Fathers have their own servants, without whom it is impossible to live conveniently. The great inconstancy of all of them, and the venality of the majority, are the cause of frequent and daily misfortunes to their employers. Our Catholics are surely much to be admired for the way in which they expose themselves and all their goods to the inconstancy of these men. Their zeal for the doctrine and sacraments of the true faith is so great that they disregard everything else. Their days are passed in such purity of life, although surrounded by heretics who give the rein to every vice, that the Protestants themselves and their ministers publicly express their admiration. This, then, was the cause of my greatest trouble. But God, Whose nature is goodness, and Whose work is mercy, dissipated it, and I saw through the plans of my enemies. Meanwhile certain magistrates came into the prison, and led me to the Town Hall, where four bishops awaited me. They were the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Primate of Scotland, and the Bishops of Glasgow, Galloway, and Caithness; the Provost and magistrates of the city, the ministers, and many others. As I was being led away, I thought of the words of Christ: "They shall drag you before kings and governors for My sake" . . . and "I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to resist and gainsay." They all saluted me as I entered, and the Archbishop of St. Andrew's asked my name.

"Patrick Anderson, and of the Roman Catholic religion, for which I am ready to die, and for which I am kept here; by profession a Jesuit."

"Your name is Master Patrick Anderson," said the Archbishop.

"It is now twenty-three years," replied I, "since I despised and made nought of all such honorary titles, esteeming them unworthy of consideration, like all else in the world, and renouncing them for Christ Jesus, for whose Name I am suffering here."

"We know that you have been twice in Scotland," said the Bishop, "thus it is the will of the King that you discover to us with whom you have been staying all this time."

I replied, "It is better to obey God than man. The King commands this thing to be done, and the self-same thing is forbidden by God. Know, that I am equally ready to shed my blood for this cause as for the Catholic faith itself, or for whatsoever is commanded by the Divine law."

"You will at least confess this, Master Anderson," said the Bishop, "whether you have said Mass in Scotland or not?"

"That I have," replied I.

"But for whom?" asked the Bishop.

"Alone," I answered.

"That is nonsense," said the chief minister; "Mass comes from *mitto*, because the people are dismissed."

"An argument founded upon etymology is worth nothing to a philo-

sopher," I retorted, "and 'Mass' does not come from the dismissal of the people, but from the Hebrew *Missach*, which signifies a voluntary oblation, or by contraction, from the word *Messias*, for *there* indeed is the true *Messias* offered for the sins of the people. And 'art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?'"

The minister was silent.

"But, Master Anderson," said the Bishop, "how can you prove the word 'Mass' from the New Testament?"

"Much more easily, right reverend lord, than you will find the word 'sacrament' in the New Testament, or prove that the number of the Sacraments is two." (I always gave this title to bishops, and to others their proper style). "Let us open the Bible; either the Greek version of the Old Testament, or the Syriac and Hebrew versions of the New. You know I have had all these Bibles, because you have just taken them away from me with everything else. Now, indeed, I can say, 'For Jesus Christ I have suffered the loss of all things, and for His sake count them but as dung.' We shall see whether I shall more easily prove the word 'Mass' or you 'Sacraments' from the Bible."

"You will at least confess, Master Anderson," said the Bishop of Galloway, "that they are Catholics whom your servant named?"

"You are a philosopher, I know, right reverend lord, and you well know it is useless to prove from a greater what can be proved from a less. You are versed in the Scriptures, and they say, 'The disciple is not above his master,' nor 'the servant above his lord.' Thus my servant should follow my example, and not I his." Oh, how this little breath of praise, by which I distinguished him above the others, pleased the Bishop! These sort of men are most greedy of praise.

"How many Jesuits are there in Scotland?" asked the Archbishop of St. Andrew's.

"Here am I, the last one left," I answered.

"I will tell you some more," said the Bishop. "There are two others (whom he named), and a Franciscan also."

"Right enough, my right reverend lord, and most mathematically. There are four of us altogether (for the Archbishop had included one of the Order of St. Francis of Paula); four is the number of perfection. Thus, if you, my right reverend lord, will cause us four to be hanged upon a circular gibbet, you may boast of having squared a circle, an operation which has hitherto baffled all mathematicians."

"I see, Master Anderson," said the Bishop, "that you have received many talents from God. If you would use them for the benefit of our country, you would do good service to our King, and I promise you that the King would esteem it most highly. There are ministers, very learned men, here to-day for this object. I desire that they forthwith treat of the whole of our religion. For the Lord's hand is not shortened."

"May God bless the King with every heavenly blessing. I will tell you plainly what I would hear of your religion, since it is the wish of

your most reverend lordship. I am here before you, the chief bishops of the kingdom. The noble Lord Provost is here, and many magistrates of great weight, and here are learned ministers, and many others. I take God to witness, in whose sight I stand, and for whose Name I here suffer, that I do not see, and never have seen, any consistency in your religion, nor anything in conformity with the revealed Word of God, nor in uniformity with even your own Bibles, or with the Fathers, antiquity, the Councils, or even with natural reason. You daily compose new articles, new ceremonies, as all Scotland knows and bewails, but in vain; your Church has forsaken the fountain of living waters, and have digged to themselves cisterns in which there is no water."

The bishops and the rest were not a little nettled. At which certain sheriffs of the city gave orders that I should be led back to prison. When I heard this I exclaimed, "You know, my right reverend lords, if I am not mistaken, that I am most desirous of having books. Command, if it please you, that I may keep at least your Scottish Bible by me in prison."

They refused, saying that I perverted the Bible to a false sense. Thus during the various conversations which I held in prison, now with the bishops, and now with the chief ministers of the kingdom, although we often felt the want of books, neither did they bring with them a book of any kind, nor allow me to keep any. I left the council for my prison full of joy at being found worthy to suffer continually for the Name of Jesus, and on reaching my cell I fell on my knees and returned thanks for it to the sweetest Jesus. I reiterated the exercises on the Life and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and often recited the Rosary, keeping eternity and the goodness of God before my eyes. Often and often did I think of the holy lives and conversation of many of our Fathers with whom I used to be so intimate, and the example of whose virtues I quietly stored up in my memory. Many bishops and ministers came to the city on hearing that Anderson had been taken and was in the closest confinement, for his fame much exceeded his deserts.

The Archbishop of St. Andrew's seemed equally anxious to impress the prisoner before him with the weight of his learning, and with a sense of his own importance and his authority to speak in the King's name. On a subsequent occasion Father Anderson was visited by another Protestant Bishop, who evidently thought his own character as a profound theologian well deserved: of his thorough going Erastianism there certainly could be no doubt. Even this, however, he seemed for a moment inclined to lay aside in favour of the opportunity of claiming full acquaintance with the Hebrew, Greek, and Syriac texts of Scripture. The Father saw through the pretentious shallowness of both these would-be divines, and played very cleverly and wittily on their ignorance and weakness of character. There is

a rich touch of humour in his defence of Bellarmine; and we especially recommend the Bishop's argument for there being only two sacraments in the Catholic Church.

The Bishop of Brechin, who was renowned for his theological learning, came to the prison, with the ministers and many others, and accompanied by certain magistrates, without whom no one was allowed to enter. The Bishop saluted me most politely.

"I hope you are well, Master Anderson."

"I am here in bonds for Christ Jesus, and meditating over His words, 'Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,'" I returned.

"Very well," said the Bishop; "but the Greek says, 'for righteousness, ἵνεκεν δικαιοσύνης.'"

"So I say," replied I, "but, I pray your lordship, why do you so manifestly corrupt the Bible in that place? In the Greek it certainly is *μακάριοι οἱ διδιωγμένοι ἵνεκεν δικαιοσύνης*; but you render the word *δικαιοσύνης* by righteousness, and not by justice, its equivalent; which you understand of your own superstitious justice, and ignore the true and essential justice. And why, I pray, do you translate the same word otherwise in another place. In the first chapter of St. Luke we find, Ἦσαν δὲ δίκαιοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐναντίον τοῦ Θεοῦ. Here you translate *δίκαιοι* by just instead of righteous."

"Have a care," said the Bishop, "how you call our Bibles corrupt, which the royal commission have declared to be the Word of God."

"But," said I, "either the commissioners can err in this declaration, or they cannot. You surely will not say that, as men, they cannot err; and if they could err, how are they sure of being right? I will call your King himself (whom may God bless), to witness that your Bibles are crammed with corruptions; and therefore it was that the King caused a new Scotch Bible to be printed, about the year 1616, to the best of my belief, and which is called the Royal Bible. If you compare it with yours, as I have often done, they will be found to differ totally. Take care how you condemn the errors of the Royal Bible, for it will follow that your Bibles are no more the Word of God than Tully's Epistles."

They all took this comparison very ill, and said I was deserving of the severest punishment for having thus openly spoken with irreverence of the Scotch Bible. I replied as modestly as I could, for it was always my care never to be a stumbling-block to them.

"This most reverend and learned Bishop well knows the custom between literary disputants, to speak candidly, sincerely, and without disguise, and not to take it ill if the truth comes out during the discussion, for this is the object and end of all discussion. He also well knows that the ministers, in order to show that Catholics are in the wrong when they use blessings, translate the word *εὐλογίας*, which always means to bless, by to give thanks. This occurs in Matthew,

twenty-sixth chapter, and unless I mistake, twenty-six verse. He also knows that those ministers, in order to abolish Purgatory, or any place between paradise and hell, translate the passage in the second chapter of the Acts, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,' by 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave;' whereas the Greek word *q̄dōn*; never, even among the profane authors, signified the grave. Those who have the most elementary acquaintance with the Hebrew know that the Hebrew word which occurs in that text, signifies hell. This is clear from the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, where Jacob, grieving for his son Joseph, says: 'I will go down to my son into hell, mourning.' 'Hell' you have corrupted into 'the grave.' I could give any number of similar instances."

We may conclude from this, Master Anderson, that there are some errors in the Scotch Bibles, which I grant; but it in nowise follows that they are not in general rightly and well translated, and are not the Word of God. The guilt of the evil doer cannot be justly imputed to the innocent."

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, "quite the contrary; if I prove the existence of one error in your Scotch Bibles, and I could prove that there are ten thousand, it would suffice to show that they are not the Word of God. If the Scotch interpreter and translator erred in one instance in his version, it would follow of necessity that in that instance he had not the infallible assistance of the Holy Spirit. Thus the reader of that Bible would ever be uncertain when he had it and when he had it not, and no rule could be given why he should have it in one instance and not in another. Whence nothing certain can be instilled into the mind of the reader or hearer of this Bible, and certainty is of the first necessity in the foundation and in all matters of faith."

"It matters little," said the Bishop, "whether the Scotch Bible be the Word of God or not" (the by-standers were much irritated at this), "let us go back to the fountain-head, the Hebrew, Greek, and Syriac text."

"I stand corrected," replied I, "now that we have settled that the Scotch Bible is not the Word of God. Let your reverend lordship prove, from the Greek or Syriac text of the New Testament, that there are two sacraments only, and neither more nor less; and this must be formally expressed in terms, or a necessary consequence. For, whether for better or for worse, we must leave the Bible and go to logic."

"All your doctors," rejoined the Bishop, "and especially Bellarmine, say that the sacraments confer grace *ex opere operato*, that is, by the force and nature of the sacrament, and *ex opere operantis*, that is, from the intention of him who administers the sacrament. Whence it is evident that there are only two sacraments."

"Bellarmine shows his wisdom in remaining in Rome, and not coming to these parts," I answered. "If you are so severe on him when absent, what would you not do to him if you could catch him? Neither Bellarmine nor any of our doctors ever taught that the *opus*

operantis in the sacraments was the intention of the minister, but rather the disposition of him who received the sacrament. But all this is nothing to the purpose. I beg that this proposition, in terms, may be found in the Bible. 'There are only two sacraments of the New Law. Or this: 'There is no Purgatory; there is no invocation of saints; the good works of Christians do not justify nor merit before God.' I ask for express terms, and not for your fancies, interpretations, or inferences. If we have to refer to interpretations, who in his senses would not prefer those of the Fathers to yours, among which, especially in Scotland, there is no unanimity, as you well know. You also know that many ministers, and some very distinguished ones, have been lately expelled from their houses, deprived of the faculty of preaching, and banished to the furthest parts of Scotland, because they would not observe five feast-days, like the English, or because they would not administer the Lord's Supper kneeling to the people; because they would not receive other things commanded by the King, whom may the Lord bless. You, who receive these and such things, they accuse of idolatry, and declare you worthy of eternal damnation."

At this point, the examination took the shape rather of a friendly and familiar discussion on the proper posture in which Communion should be received, so free was the licence given and taken on all sides. Father Anderson saw that an opportunity was afforded him of following the example of St. Paul, and of setting one division of his examiners in opposition against the other. He spoke and acted however with great caution, and the result reminds us of the conflicting opinions pronounced by the Jews on the character of our Lord Himself. Several bishops and ministers promised to return in order to renew their discussion, but they evidently thought better of it, feeling that they had got off badly in the encounter. Father Anderson knew how divided on all points were bishops, ministers, and laity, and that amongst the laity the lower classes differed from those above them. Both bishops and ministers had given up appealing to the Bible, and preferred to invoke the strength of the law.

One of the magistrates, who apparently condemned the reception of the Lord's Supper kneeling, here interrupted:

"Pray, Master Anderson, what is your opinion of this matter, which is now the subject of so much controversy? Speak freely, I beg."

There were so many present, and of such various opinions on this matter, that I paused for a while. I remembered the prudence with which St. Paul declared himself to be a Pharisee, and not a

Sadducee, by which means he escaped for that time the snares of the Jews.

"I freely say, with the Puritans, that it savours of idolatry to kneel before bread." The greater number approved this my opinion, in opposition to the Bishop and a few others, and said I was a good fellow. The others said I was bad, and was beguiling the whole country. In the meanwhile, the Bishop and ministers took leave. He promised to return and confer at greater length with me. Many other bishops and ministers made the same promise, but no one came back. These men are carnally inclined, and do not understand the things of the Spirit: they have no charity, no faith, and instead of reason, do all by force, which with them is the noblest of powers. Meanwhile the King was daily restricting the authority of the ministers, and vesting it in such of the bishops as showed themselves ready to obey the King's slightest wish, at the expense of humiliating the ministers. Thus a great schism has broken out among the ministers, part of whom favour the bishops, and are subject to the King, and others are against them. The nobility, however, at the King's behest, are with the bishops; and the people, although opposed to the bishops in feeling, do not dare to move in the matter. This diversity of opinions among the ministers is the cause why so many, noble and simple, do not know which way to turn, or what religion to embrace. The ministers, whose lives are scandalous, and the bishops, who are equally bad, have enforced the laws of the land against Catholics, and will have them punctiliously carried out in the law-courts. At first they used to appeal to the Bible, and to invoke the word of God, but now they set aside all reasoning on religious questions, and appeal only to the laws of the land.

J. G. M'L.

Historical Geography in the Seventeenth Century.

PART THE SECOND.

WE resume, in our present issue, the publication of extracts from the little manuscript volume which has been placed in our hands, describing the various countries of Europe in the seventeenth century. A kind friend has supplied us with a very probable conjecture as to its authorship. The writer seems to have been in the habit of travelling with young English gentlemen who were desirous of finishing their education, as we should say, by making the acquaintance of foreign countries and their inhabitants. He seems to have made a considerable number of tours in this way, and to have published at least one volume as the result of his observations—not, however, the volume before us. But our readers will not thank us for keeping them waiting too long with preliminary matter—all the more, as they will miss, in our present number, the lucid sketches of modern travel with which Mr. Bedford has made them familiar. Our seventeenth century traveller goes, as in duty bound, to France as the first stage of his Continental experiences.

Having thus taken a view of my country England, I left it by the way of Dover, and the next I came into was that of France, by the haven of Calais. At first I knew not whether the channel betwixt Dover and Calais were the river L  the or no, so much I had forgot to speak, methought: or whether the town I was come to were Babel or no, so confounded were we all in point of language. For calling for a pipe, for one of our company, they asked me (for twenty years ago tobacco pipes were scarce known in France) whether I would have a pipe of wine. And calling for beer they thought I had spoken of a coffin, which is just so pronounced in French. Though the first of these mistakes pleased me better than the second, yet they both put me in mind of Babel's curse; and that I was got farther from home in four hours space than I thought it possible. Wherefore I began to think it time to look after a new tongue and new observations.

He then gives an account of the many various routes by which he had at different times traversed France, and proceeds to his observations :

First, that if all Europe were a great town, France would be the market-place of that town, where one might find all the best commodities and most men walking. For it lies so conveniently and proportionably in the midst of other countries and kingdoms, Italy, Savoy, Spain, Germany, Lorraine, Flanders, and England, that all these natives of these countries, starting at once, have no further to market one than the other. And the number of people walking upon this market-place is so great, that in a late supputation made by Henry the Fourth's command there were found above twelve millions of people ; and no wonder, seeing Paris alone in Louis the Eleventh's time mustered up a hundred and four thousand armed men in battle array and all in one livery,¹ and all burgesses of Paris, and in all France there are said to be 104 bishop-seats, 12 archbishop-seats, 548 abbeys, 27,400 parishes—all which made me conclude the King of France to be a great king : seeing Solomon takes no other measure of a king's greatness, but by the multitude of his people. And this multitude of people which I saw there, made me think that Francis the First had reason, when having received a letter from the Emperor Charles the Fifth wherein the said Emperor had subscribed himself Emperor of Germany, King of Castile, Leon, Arragon, Naples, &c., he answered subscribing himself King of France, France, France, France, France, &c., thinking his one France to be as populous as the other's many starved kingdoms of Spain, which afforded him many titles, but few men.

We pass over a very amusing account of the famous "Royaume d'Yvetot," and go on to his account of the climate and products of France :

As for the situation of France I found it fitter for peace than war, having many excellent havens in it, both upon the ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, fit for importation, and an open country towards Flanders and Germany fit for exportation. And as for the French and Spain which the French care not for, nature hath so separated their antipathies by the Pyrenees and Alps, that they may hate one another, but scarce hurt one another. Indeed the open lying of France towards Flanders and Germany, though good for traffic in time of peace, so also is it bad in time of war, and makes the French toward Picardy, Champagne, and Burgundy live in perpetual fear, that is, sleep like the lion with open eyes, or like Hercules, with his club in his hand : and always upon their guard, otherwise in time of peace it drives a great trading and sells more than it buys, that is, lends more than it

¹ Red and White.

borrows, and therefore is deservedly called *Creditrix aliarum regionum, debitrix nullius*. The chief things it exports being salt, wine, and corn, manly merchandise, while from other countries they fetch ribbons, bone lace, and spices, womanish toys. Hence France may be called (as Mr. Howel calls it) Ceres her chief barn, Bacchus his prime cellar, and Neptune's best salt-pits; or else Louis the Eleventh's fair meadow which he said he could mow every year, and make a huge crop both of men and money without exhausting it. The best vines in France are those of Burgundy, Champagne, Bordeaux, Frontignac, Sancerre, Condrieux, Anjou. And the store of salt there makes whole provinces rich with its traffic, and the whole nation pass abroad² for a witty, that is *salsissima natio*.

As for the air of France and fertility of the soil, I found them beyond all I ever found in England, Italy, Germany, Holland, or Flanders. As for the first, I found it so pure and sweet in most places, and so free from plagues and other pestilence, that except Rouen and Lyons (two ill situated places) the plague seldom rageth there. And for the soil it is so good natured that it breedeth no monsters as Egypt and India, no serpents as Arabia, and knows no earthquakes and inundations as other countries round about it do. So that whosoever should call France the *Favourite of Nature* would speak like a naturalist, yet seem to speak truly.

This plentiful soil brings them forth not only plenty of exquisite fruit even to figs, much melons, oranges, lemons, &c., but over and above, with such plenty of meat in all kinds, which their cooks (the best in Europe) know how to dress so exquisitely, that in great feasts whatsoever is wanting may rather be said to be wanting in nature than wanting in France.

The writer then gives a long list of the fine houses and palaces which he had seen in France—the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, the palaces of Cardinal Mazarin, of the Duc de Longueville, and a host of others, both in Paris and in the country. We quote his account of Paris itself:

The chief city of France and of all Europe without contradiction is Paris. A prince that had a country as full of people, palaces, and riches would be a great prince. Many little sovereigns of Italy would think themselves great indeed if they had for all principality, one such town. And if an ancient Father called the northern countries (of which the Goths and Vandals swarmed) *Vaginam populorum*, the scabbard or quiver of people, methinks that title might more properly be given to Paris. Indeed, Charles the Fifth, Emperor, bragged that he would put Paris in his glove or hand, but besides the brag of it, Paris is since that time grown as great again. Now the reasons of its greatness are many. First, the flocking of the nobility thither out of their country

² As a German calls it.

houses, which makes Paris indeed swell like the spleen, but the country (like the other parts of the body) looks lean of it, by reason that all the humours are drawn to this great swelling place. Secondly, the country people flock too for exemption from tithes and taxes, which makes Paris swarm with a world of poor people as well as of rich. Thirdly, the King's Court kept for the most part here, like the sunshine draweth thousands thither. Fourthly, the High Court of Justice or the chief Parliament of France, which hath fixed its seat at Paris, is another loadstone which draweth millions of people and money to Paris. Fifthly, the University, and famous College of Sorbonne, draws to them all those in France who pretend to true learning. In fine, six Academies for breeding of young gentlemen in all noble exercises of war, as riding, fencing, the pike and musket, mathematics, and dancing, draw most of the young gentlemen of the country to Paris and many strangers too.

He then goes on to the churches, and other great buildings. Among other churches he mentions :

The English nunnery of Augustinians, famous over all Paris for their excellent singing and curious needlework, but most of all for having in their church, before the high altar, the tomb and body of the late Bishop of Chalcedon, Dr. Smith. The obligations which all good Catholics of England owe to him for his zealous and unanswerable writings, and my particular obligations unto him for his particular instructions and love to me, make me that I cannot but throw some holy water upon his hearse, and make some little mention of him. He was a man of singular learning and piety. He had spent fourscore years in both. He had read all the Fathers, and had imitated them, and had lived them over as often as he had read them. He wrote so much for the Church, and so well, that if he had lived in the beginning of the schism, his writing alone would have been able to stop it. He was another Gregory for pastoral love to England, another Jerome for zeal and experience, another Chrysostom for his sufferance, another Augustine for his victories over the enemies of the Church in public disputations, and another Ambrose in archiepiscopal dignity and gravity. In his younger years he taught Philosophy in the Colleges, in his riper years he taught Cardinal Richelieu controversies in his chamber, and in his later times he taught children their Catechism in a monastery. A great part of the day he gave to his studies, but the best part of it to his devotions, so that daily he first lived well, and then wrote well, and so died well.

He has a word for the libraries, of which he specifies that of Cardinal Mazarin in the first place, then that of the King, and those of M. de Thou, of the Minims, the Jesuits, and of the Chancellor. Here is his visit to St. Denis :

Going out of Paris, I went to St. Denis his church (which hath made a town so called), and there saw divers times the famous treasure which is shown there. First, in the church we saw the tombs of the Kings of France, who have made this monastery their Westminster or burying-place. The two best tombs are that of Louis the Twelfth and that of Francis the First, which come the nearest to those of Westminster of any I have seen anywhere. Then being led into the Treasury, we saw these things: the crown, sceptre and stand of justice of St. Louis, all of gold and all adorned with precious stones; the crown, sword, spurs, and sceptre of Henry the Fourth; a great cross made by St. Eloy, and set full with diamonds; the heads of St. Hilary, St. Denis, and St. Benedict, in silver gilt set with rich stones; an agate cup, exquisitely cut or carved with figures and of huge value. Here also they showed us many relics and precious things richly encased, all which you may see in a little book called the *Treasure of St. Denis*. In the same room they showed us the true pictures in wax of some late kings, as of Henry the Second, Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, Henry the Third, and Henry the Fourth. In fine, they showed me the sword of the Pucelle or Maid of Orleans, wherewith she drove the English out of France, a short, heavy, and dull sword for a maid's hand, except that hand was backed up from heaven and that sword sharpened by the sins of England.

The first general remark which he makes upon the French is that they are in general and in particular a most gallant people. We are bound to say, however, that he rests his remark, in the first instance, on the fact that the French are never governed by a woman-in-chief. "The French say, *Lilia non nent*. . . . The crown of France never falls into the hands of a spinstress. . . . For which reason the Spaniards themselves admire the French, and have a saying, that, as a man should desire to live in Italy and die in Spain, so should he desire to be born in France, because of the nobleness of that nation, which never hath a woman for their sovereign." His second reason for the gallantry of the French is their name, "which argueth them to be a noble nation and freeborn," and, he adds, "this is so decided by the Turks, that they call all Christians Franks from Frenchmen, whom they take to be the great Christians for reputation." The third reason deserves to be quoted:

Thirdly, the gallantry and freedom of this nation appears out of this particular custom of the French, whereby they give liberty *ipso facto* without any more ceremony to any slave that shall arrive in France from foreign countries, and this, not only by custom or caprice, but by decrees of Parliaments, that of Paris, forcing a Spanish Ambassador

to give manumission to a slave which he had brought with him out of Spain : and that of Toulouse doing the like to a slave which a merchant of Toulouse had bought and brought from Spain. The like happened in the siege of Metz, where a Spaniard slave, having fled on horseback into the town, and being demanded by Avila, General of the Emperor's Horse, of the Duke of Guise, as his own slave who had run away with his horse ; the Duke of Guise caused the horse (already sold) to be found out and sent back, but for the slave, he answered, that being entered into France he was now, *ipso facto*, a free man, and therefore, that he neither could nor would send him back.

The traveller seems fond of his subject, and proceeds to speak of the gallantry of the ancient Gauls, after which he dwells on the prowess of their Christian successors from Charles Martel downwards. Then follows a long list of Frenchmen famous in literature. He then comes to the state of the Government :

As for the Government of France it has grown to be arbitrary, and therefore the King concludeth all his decrees and orders by this awful phrase : *Car tel est notre plaisir*—"For such is our will and pleasure ;" and the Parliament approves all. Hence the King of France is said to be master of a flourishing field, in which feed infinite flocks of sheep with golden fleeces, which the King can clip when he pleases and so never want money. Hence one wittily saith, that though the King of France's exchequer be but a pond in comparison of that of the King of Spain, which is a river, yet it will hold water when the other should be dried up. As long as there are men in France, there will be money for the King of France. This absoluteness of the King of France, as long as it stretcheth not into tyranny, makes the King very considerable both at home and abroad. At home they call him, *Notre bon Roi*—"Our good King," and abroad he is considered as the first King in Europe. Hence it is that he taketh place of all Christian kings, because he is styled "the most Christian King," and when Spain in the Council of Trent contested precedency with him, he was cast by the votes of the Fathers who gave away the place to a French Ambassador, and for this reason Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, in the said Council, seeing he could not have the first place, declared that he would not go before the French Ambassador, but that they should not all make him follow him. For this reason the Spanish Ambassadors in Rome never come to the Pope's chapel, where they would be forced to stand before the French Ambassador.

This part of his work, which he entitles "France Praised," concludes with a long passage on the religious celebrities of the country. We then pass on to "France Dispraised," the second

portion of the chapter with which we are at present dealing. The first head of his indictment against France is as follows :

As every medal hath its reverse, so France, too, hath its discommendations, which it will not be amiss to observe, for to stop the mouth of those foolish Frenchmen who admire everything of their own, and to inform our English gentlemen who brave living in France, without warning, too often take up the French vices for their virtues, and as foolish merchants, whilst they might bring home from the Indies gold, silver, and pearls, bring home nothing but parrots, apes, and fire-canes. So many of our young gallants, while they might come freighted home with wit, learning, and rich observations which abound in France, they bring home nothing but parrots, to wit a few studied compliments in their mouths, apes, to wit affected cringes, a little dancing, and some apish shrugs, or fire-canes, that is, the foolish humour of fighting duels and catching fire at every word that is spoken. For these reasons, I say, I will observe what is bad in France.

And, first, whereas the French brag that their country is the "Lis," or the "Flower deluce" of the world, symbolized by the arms of France, three flowers de luces, it seemed to me that it deserved rather to be called the "Lais of Europe, that is the country which infects and corrupts all the youth of Europe with vanities and *luxu*. And if Campania Felix was anciently called "Certamen Cereris et Bacchi," France, in my opinion, might be called the combat between men and women which of them should be the more vain. For here men (I speak of the young fry of the Court and of the nobility) are perriwigged, curled, disguised, powdered, as if they were keeping a perpetual mumming and carnival. Few are like themselves. Barbers make red hair black, thin hair curled. Shoemakers make short feet long, low men tall. Hosiers with quilted stockings, make spindle-shanks thick. Nay, teeth are become clothes too, and are put off and on daily, and dressed and made clean against the next morning, and so set in again. These false teeth and the mouths they are in have taught their next neighbour (their beards) to lie and play false too. The nose is near the beard and that must be disguised too, and often is made of wax. The eyes would not look like the rest except they were of glass, and they would not think to go like other folk, if they did not go upon wooden legs, covered with a handsome boot or stocking, so that a man may take one of these monsieurs in pieces like a watch, make an anatomy of him without hurting him, break his shins without putting him to any pain, or put out one of his eyes without making him see worse. Nor for their other clothes, though the tailors take measure of them, yet they seem to be made for other folks, and not for them, that is, rather to please others' eyes, than cover their bodies. Hats are made for their hair, not for their health, and I have seen men go from the furthest part of Paris to to the Court barehead, for fear of discomposing their powdered perriwig and well-combed hair, and in company and visits it is the mode to

wear their hats upon their knees and not upon their heads. They put a store of buttons upon their breeches where there is no need, and yet leave their doublets unbuttoned where there is need. They have points enough about their knees, to no purpose, and none to tie their breeches and doublets together withal, where there is need. I have known thousands wear boots and spurs daily, that never came a horseback all their lifetimes. They have their grand modes and their less modes; and when a new colour comes up, every man gets into it as fast as he can, and all of them together look like a set of lackies all in one livery, one colour, one cloth, one make, one kind of hat, one kind of belt. In fine, a ship hath not so many tacklings and ropes about her, as a young Frenchman hath ribbons and galloons. If these men be good for the commonwealth in the time of peace, I know not, but I cannot imagine they will do great feats in the time of war for her, which they would rather see in combustion than their perriwigs in disorder. Bodin writes that a Frenchman in his time sent his shirts from Paris weekly to Flanders to be washed, each shirt standing him in two shillings the washing, and I easily believe it, seeing in my time a barber's daughter of Saumur sent her linen to Tours (two days' journey off) to be more neatly washed.

The women, too, will have their vanities, as well as men, and will strive to please men, as well as men please women. Hence whole streets, shops, trades, are set to work to make one little woman fine, where patrimonies and farms are converted by Court chemistry into pendants for to dangle at a lady's ears, whole forests must be wreathed into a necklace of pearls; gorgets of a thousand crowns are for ceremonies and meetings must be set out with gorgets of six thousand crowns apiece. Ovid fables are wrought in the lace to show the power she hath over her foolish husband, whom she makes look like Acteon while she wears the other metamorphoses about her neck. What shall I say of those whose gorgets though plainer, yet not their dealing, whose tiffany handkerchiefs are used as nets only to catch eyes in, and which neither afford *Pudori ornamentum nec corpori indumentum*—"Neither keep out cold weather, nor bold eyes." What shall I say of their looking-glasses, which Seneca calls *Specula toti corpori paria*. Glasses equal to their whole bodies, not only in greatness but also in brittleness, What shall I say, in fine, of this, that in ten trades nine of them almost live by women's vanities? I can say only this, that as it is a great vanity in French women to invent such togs, so it is a great folly for our English ladies to have babies sent out of France to them, dressed after the new fashion, that they may dress themselves so too, and become the babies of French babies.

We fear that times are not much mended since this writer made the complaint which has just been inserted. He goes on to another very serious grievance—the venality of offences, both

in the court and in the judicature. He thinks that the former may easily surround the King with traitors, and the latter he considers as the fruitful source of litigation. He tells us that a learned Archbishop of Bruges, in a remonstrance to the King, showed that the French spent twice as much money, and more, in lawsuits than in their taxes and tithes put together. "Pasquier, a man that knew it by experience, saith that it is easier for the King to levy two hundred thousand pettifogger lawyers, clerks, and solicitors than thirty thousand soldiers. Another saith that there are more lawyers in France alone than in all Germany, which is far greater. Montaigne saith that France alone hath more laws than all Europe besides, and the twelve Parliaments, with the infinite number of Presidents, subalterns, courts, and bailies, with the huge volumes in folio of the several customs of every province are as great a sign of litigious nations as a bunchy churchyard is a sign of a diseased town."

He proceeds to censure the French on account of the violence in civil disputes, and gives by the way an interesting view of the massacre of St. Bartholomew :

The French are observed to be too ready in their tumults and seditions, and cruel in them. De Serres tells me of divers furious seditions in Paris : first in King John's time, by the Duke of Burgundy, then against the Constable Armagnac, and a fourth by the Maillabius. But that which made the most noise abroad, was the massacre in Paris, committed on St. Bartholomew's Day by the faction of the Guisards against the faction of the Admiral Coligny. But though the thing was ill done and cannot be excused, yet the Protestants may thank themselves for it. For they had first traitorously killed the Duke of Guise before Orleans by Poltrobe's dagger ; and this made the Duke of Guise, son to the other, seek this revenge. Secondly, Pardaillan, a Protestant, had cast out some words, which made the Catholics justly suspect the Protestants were going about some such design, and therefore prevented them. Thirdly, Marshal Monluc in his Memoirs maketh the occasion of this massacre to have been the Admiral Coligny saying, "The King never forgot how M. the Admiral made him go faster from Meaux to Paris than the easy trot." However, the Protestants make this action ring everywhere, forgetting that themselves in several parts of France committed most unheard-of cruelties against the Catholics before this action arrived, for they buried some priests alive in the ground up to the neck and played at bowls at heads. Others they slashed like satin doublets and suits. Others they drew naked by hands and feet upon a new rope stifly stretched at both ends, and so sawed them upon it till their flesh was all torn and their entrails fell out.

We are obliged to pass over what follows, in which the writer gives the well-known details of the barbarities of the Huguenots in France. There is next a very amusing passage on the fickleness and lightness of the French character, in the course of which he returns to the Salic Law. "In fine, this lightness of the French is that which hinders women from reigning among them more than the Salic Law, hence a Frenchman himself saith ingeniously, women do not rule in France, because there is more lightness in our women and less wisdom than in England, where a woman governs even in the spiritual." Soon after this he continues as follows :

I also found them too much given to quarrels, duels, and rencontres. At my first going into France, to be a proper man of *grande mine* was enough for to make a man be challenged in the Court, and divers duels have been fought upon no other score. Nay in the very academies where young gentlemen are bred together how often have we been called out of our beds to post after those that were run out on the night to fight duels? What a stir have I seen about *Eclaircissements*? What difficulty to make them promise before some marshal of France that they would not fight with one another? What pain to make them embrace one another. And yet all these quarrels were but for some boyish tricks played to one another, some box of the ear given to another's lackey, some whispering and smiling at one another as they walked by, or some such foolish thing. Hence Montagne observed well of his countrymen, saying, "Set me down three Frenchmen in the deserts of Libya, and they will not have been there three days before they fall a scratching and quarrelling with one another."

In fine, France brags of its fertility, riches, abundance of all things, and yet all the countries of Europe together cannot show so many beggars in it as France alone—as Paris alone. You can neither pray in churches for their importunity, nor buy in shops, nor walk in the streets for them. The excessive taxes double and treble, nay sometimes far greater, than the poor men's farms and estates come to, make many men give over husbandry and take to begging. So that methought France looked like a man with an inflammation in his liver, who looks well in the face and with a high colour, but is dangerously sick within and cannot last long. The French have as little reason (saith Mr. Howel) to brag of their fine country as the shoemaker's wife of her husband's skill, none being ordinarily so ill shod as the wife of the shoemaker who makes such fine shoes, nor none so poor as the inhabitants of France. For the reason the French might as justly desire their King (exactng of them double and treble taxes) or find them two summers and two autumns, that is, two harvests of corn and two vintages of wine, a year, as the people of Asia desired of Mark Antony, exacting their double

and treble taxes. But, alas, the good King knows not his people's miseries, and it is only the *maltolliers*, the monopolists, the partisans, and such other Court cyclops, who giving the King money beforehand for some party which they have found out, for two millions which they give to the King, get leave and power of him to rate up that money again upon the party, when indeed abusing that leave of the King, they raise up ten millions for themselves. And thus a few base upstarts grow rich in France, build sumptuous houses and make excessive acquisitions for their heirs who cannot thrive long with such ill-gotten wealth. So that a German well observes, that as there was a town in Spain undermined by rabbits and ruined, another in Thessaly by moles, another in Africa by locusts, another by serpents in Italy, so many towns are ruined in France by a base vermin called *maltolliers* and monopolites

And here, for the present, we part with our ingenious traveller.

Sonnet.

 THE LATE SIR JOHN SIMEON.

A NOBLE gentleman ; pure and refined ;
 His was the nature frank and true that lies
 Spread like a sapphire sea before men's eyes
 Truly translucent. Never wintry wind
 Could mar its tranquil depths. No word unkind
 Could ever dim those holy charities
 Within whose light each baser passion dies
 That guard the portals of the Christian mind.

And yet no Stoic, selfishly serene,
 Was Simeon. Scorn, a patriot's manly scorn,
 Of all that's false, or tyrannous, or mean,
 Flamed on his brow. He mourned with those who mourn,
 From his heart's treasure knowing how to glean
 That love which cheers the feeble and forlorn.

S. E. DE VERE.

*On some Attacks on the Society of Jesus.*¹

NOT very long ago, we had occasion to place before our readers some remarks on a reproduction of a number of old and frequently refuted calumnies against the Society of Jesus, which had formed the substance of two articles inserted in an organ of no less respectability than the *Quarterly Review*. These articles were afterwards published in a volume by the gentleman to whom they were attributed at the time of their first appearance—and although Mr. Cartwright had been at the pains to read what was remarked on his productions in these pages, and in some few respects to alter or withdraw his charges, we fear we must say that his second edition is open to all the criticism which was deserved by the first, with the difference which is natural in the case of a man who repeats what he has had an opportunity of correcting, and adheres to misrepresentations which he has every means of knowing to be what they are. The truth is that no amount of alteration which was possible to Mr. Cartwright could have redeemed his articles from the blame which they deserve. He has that happy confidence in himself which belongs to those who study regions of fact and history without making themselves acquainted with the very elements of the subject-matter to which they belong. It is an axiom of historical research, that institutions and living bodies cannot possibly be understood by those who know nothing of them except from books, that their traditions and daily life are the only intelligible commentary on the letter of their statutes, and this, not because the letter has been departed from or modified by practice, but because without a knowledge of that practice it is sure to mislead. The whole world laughs at the men who study books of medicine for themselves and then attempt to apply their knowledge, or who do the same in the realm of law or any other practical pursuit. And what the world laughs at in such cases is, not only the grotesque blundering into which the adventurer falls, but the egregious conceit which prompts him to make his adventure. We fear we must say that this is the chief impression which such volumes as that of Mr. Cartwright leave upon our mind—an impression not the less real

¹ *The Rise, Progress, and Insidious Workings of Jesuitism*, being a reprint of the Fifteenth Book of *The History of Protestantism*. By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D., &c., &c. With an Introduction by the Rev. E. Garbett, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Surbiton. London: Printed by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, E.C.

because it is quite impossible to convey an idea of it in language which we care to use here of the work of an evidently clever and laborious writer, who has been admitted to the honour of contributing to the *Quarterly Review*. We must, however, add that Mr. Cartwright is to blame on another head also. He must have been quite aware that the sources from which he drew his materials were of a highly suspicious character. We cannot see the lover of truth in the man who forms his judgment of a large body of his fellow creatures—not to say of a body which professes to serve the highest of all causes from the highest of all motives, and with the most entire devotion of which human nature is capable—from the books of their avowed enemies, whose calumnies have been over and over again refuted. Under these circumstances, we should not have returned to Mr. Cartwright, but for the accidental fact that a book has lately been written on the history of the destruction of the Society in Portugal—a part of a larger work on the general history of the suppression of the Jesuits—in the introduction to which we find a good deal of matter which it may be well to set before the public in relation to Mr. Cartwright and his authorities. And we take the same opportunity of noticing the other smaller volume, the name of which is subjoined—a volume which we believe is so highly appreciated by its writer or editor that he has been at the pains to present a copy of it to every member of both Houses of Parliament.

We may first of all get rid of what relates to Mr. Garbett's book. It is a publication which deserves few words, and those very plain words indeed. For its own sake it deserves contempt, and is worth noticing only because clergymen of the Church of England have not been ashamed to put their names on its title-page. It is the unblushing re-assertion of base calumnies many times refuted. It rests its facts for the most part upon a forgery, which any one who cares to know the truth can know to be a forgery. Invincible ignorance is pardonable. Can any one at the present day plead invincible ignorance when he quotes the *Monita Secreta* as genuine? "The authenticity of the work," we are told, "was denied, as was to be expected; for any society that was astute enough to compile such a book would be astute enough to deny it" (p. 85). A retort is possible. Any man, wicked enough to patronize such a book knowing it to be a tissue of lies, would not make much ado about adding one little lie about a copy of it having been found twenty years earlier than the date which the Jesuits assigned to the forgery. The question is not what the astute Jesuits would have said, in case the book had really been their own, but whether it is their own or not. Any honest man who after calmly weighing the evidence persists in thinking that the book is not a forgery must be left to his own conscience and Almighty God, for he is out of the reach of human reasoning.²

² Even Mr. Cartwright's ready faith is not equal to this demand. Most strange to think, he does not as yet believe in the *Monita Secreta*. He says: "In the sharply rolling fire of this controversy—due at the present moment mainly to the stringent measures which Germany has deemed it incumbent on herself to initiate against the

The matter has been treated at large in these pages,¹ and instead of repeating the "reductio ad absurdum," which was partially prophetic, we prefer to make some very pertinent extracts from the Introduction of a book announced for immediate publication, *The Suppression of the Society in Portugal*, by the Rev. Alfred Weld, S.J., closing our own remarks with the self-evident proposition that no man can ever seem good to those who believe without doubting and without investigation that he really says and does everything which bitter enemies bent upon destroying his character assert that he says and does.

"The ordinary reader sees the Society of Jesus described as a powerful organization of crafty and ambitious men, whose design is universal sway, and who know no limit to the means which they are ready to use to accomplish their purpose. There seems to be a common consent on the subject, and he stops not to reflect whether this is a real consent of reasoning men, or the loud sounding voice of the ignorant or the malevolent, but accepts it because it is written. It matters nothing to him that no proof of the accusations brought against the said Society is adduced, or that where its enemies have attempted proof they have failed to establish it. This, it is said, is only another evidence of the secrecy and skill with which the Jesuits carry out their designs, of the strength of their organization, and consequently of the greater danger which attends their efforts. So it is, and so it has been, and it is no wonder if even among friends, many whose knowledge of human nature is not as great as their love of virtue, ask with concern, to what are these accusations to be attributed? how is it that a society professing to devote itself solely to the salvation of souls, to the seeking of the highest spiritual good of the greatest number, in the most disinterested manner, a society which by its profession is the friend and benefactor of the human race in the highest possible sense, should be hunted in turn from every civilized nation in the world, hated, reviled, banished, and at last even suppressed by the Supreme Pontiff himself? It is easy to understand that simple minds may be led to believe that so hard a lot must in some way have been deserved by the Society of Jesus, that either the Institute itself had been found unsuited to the times, or the vices, ambition, and intrigues of its members had caused the world to rise up against it, and rendered necessary such extreme measures on the part of the Supreme Pontiff himself. Is it possible that the States of Europe could have laid aside their mutual jealousies, and combined in a deadly conspiracy against a body of innocent men, whose only desire and sole occupation was to labour for their own sanctification and the spiritual good of their

Order of Jesus—both parties show themselves equally strenuous; and if we are treated to some writings disfigured by a credulity that would still gravely adduce the *Monita Secreta* as a genuine document, so also do we encounter rejoinders marked by a redundancy of declamation, in which the argument is made to converge upon the secondary and often very flimsy portions of the indictments advanced rather than upon their graver substance" (*The Jesuits*, First Part, ch. i. By W. C. Cartwright, M.P.).

¹ *The Month*, July—August, 1873, page 96.

fellow-men? Is it credible that the Vicar of Jesus Christ would lend a hand to a design of such iniquity? These are questions that have been often asked. And it is the object of this volume to assist the reader in answering them. The enemies of the Society of Jesus appeal triumphantly to history, but the history that is accessible to the public is in too many instances only an expression of the hatred of the writer not only against the Jesuits, but also against the Church, and consequently an unsafe guide in unravelling the plots to which the writer himself is a party or of which he is a dupe; but the day comes at last when those who feared the light are no more, and history gives up her most secret records.

"In many points connected with the persecution of the Society of Jesus this day has already come, and the result is an overwhelming proof, signed by the hands of those who hated and of those who loved it, that it was not in reality persecuted for the crimes of which it was accused, but for its too great devotion to the Church which it served, and its too great success in her cause, and mainly for its influence in preserving souls from perversion by the education of youth; or because it stood in the way of the criminal designs of ambitious and unscrupulous Ministers. It will be fully proved in the sequel that this has been the object of those persecutions from the beginning, and a thoughtful reader will see that the same ends are pursued now.

"Before proceeding further, it is necessary to warn the reader against a common prejudice which too often takes possession of unsuspecting minds, that accusation is a sign if not of guilt, at least of some fault, or imprudence. How often does an accuser, unable to substantiate a crime against the Society, sum up by calling attention to its extreme imprudence, when there is no more sign of imprudence than of guilt! When malice is determined to revile there is no need even of an act of imprudence to furnish an occasion. He Who showed the path to the highest Christian virtue, led the way, too, in suffering reproach, and left us the warning that as men persecuted Him so they would persecute us too. No one is ignorant of the calumnies that were cast against the primitive Church even in the days of its most resplendent fervour. When the great Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic began to spread through Europe, they were assailed by bitter enemies, though the nations of Europe were still united in faith and obedience to their head. The jealousy of those who could not bear comparison with their holiness and zeal, and the hatred of those who could not brook their admonitions, sufficed to raise this storm against them. Was it then to be expected that the Society of Jesus could pass unscathed, be its holiness what it might, when it not only found the world filled with jealousies and vices, but the whole of Europe broken up into sects, a large part cut off from union with the Church, and those nations which remained faithful infected with secret heresies and open infidelity, while it lived to see the statesmen of Christian nations in league with both to destroy it? Could

it be expected that the Society in these circumstances should escape persecution? It could have escaped it only by joining hands with the enemy it was called to combat. That it did not do this the story of its conflict tells too well. The history of the events by which the overthrow of the Society was brought about is full of interest not only to members of the Society itself, but to all who wish to know the value of a party cry, and how falsehood can be made to pass before the world as truth; or who care to be set on their guard against the machinations of crafty men, who by distortion of facts, the most odious of calumnies, and hideous hypocrisy, would instigate simple men to the commission of crimes from which every one of right mind would shrink with horror if presented in their true colours.

"It has been said that the enemies of the Society appeal to history. The Jesuits, too, claim the testimony of history in their favour, and challenge their enemies to disprove their statements with respect to the real cause of the animosity shown to them. But it is not only in the simple statement of events that the thoughtful reader will find a defence of the Society. He will find it first of all in the consideration of the character of the men who have at all times persecuted it, and of those who have defended it; he will find it in the avowals openly made by its enemies, of their motives of attack; he will find it, if he reflect, in the patience and humility with which its members suffered; in the veneration in which their name was held by the poor, from whom they had been torn away, and in the good odour of Christian virtue and Apostolic zeal which they shed around them amid the trials of exile and their degradation from a state which they esteemed so much. 'An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit:' and if it is true, as St. Leo wrote⁴ that 'he is undoubtedly perverse, whom the enemies of the faith love,' we may form a strong presumption, that he is a worthy member of the Church whom its enemies have at all times reviled and hated. If Mahometans were to rise up in wrath against some supposed defects in the conduct of our priesthood, we should feel that these are not the men to be moved by a holy zeal for the purity of the Spouse of Christ. The kingdom of Satan is not divided against itself. No one will believe that the greatest enemies of the Church and the Papacy would move Europe to root out from its bosom what they really believed to be a seed of destruction to both. Human nature itself revolts against a line of conduct in opposition to the end which is proposed. 'An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit.'

"There is no doubt that the fruitfulness of the Society in its first years was sufficient to excite the animosity of those who hated the Catholic Church. God gave to the labours of its first members a blessing for which we have to be ever thankful, but which we can only recall with confusion. Even in 1599, the Fathers of France in their 'humble remonstrance to Henry the Fourth,' could point to the four

⁴ *Ep. ad Gul. Episc. Cav.*

hundred thousand youths already educated by the Society, 'all of whom,' it was said, 'with few exceptions have remained firm in their faith amid the errors by which our age is shaken, and very many of whom have remained great lovers of virtue and powerful columns of the Church and of the State.'⁵ On September 27, 1540, Pope Paul the Third issued the Bull by which he confirmed the Institute, and only twelve years after, on December 2, 1552, St. Francis Xavier breathed his last at the gates of China, which he was not allowed to pass, leaving behind him a flourishing Church in Japan, the offspring of his zeal; and after having baptized it is said a million of his fellow-creatures with his own hand. Ricci was born in the year of this Saint's death, and after a struggle of twenty years, arrived in Pekin on January 24, 1601, and ten years after was carried in solemn procession to the tomb through the streets of the Chinese capital, attended by thousands of his converts carrying lighted torches, and was deposited in a temple given up for that purpose by the Chinese Emperor. In 1556, Anchieta was already in Brazil, a field which he cultivated with incredible patience and success for a period of above forty years, to be followed by that army of devoted labourers who have rendered the name of Paraguay for ever famous. And in 1597, the Blessed Peter Canisius went to his reward, after having been for the long period of sixty-four years the pillar of the Church in Germany, where with unwearied zeal he confuted heretics and supported the wavering Catholics in their faith. The consequence of all this was that the Jesuits were assailed by the Reformers with all the animosity that belongs to the most deadly enemies of the Church. On them appeared to be concentrated all that hatred of the Catholic name which distinguished the heretics of that time. Not to speak of those who shed their blood in this country, the real cause of whose death is now proved, for those who had previously doubted it, by the irrefragable testimony of the public records, the annals of the first years of the Society are full of the accounts of the sufferings of its members at the hands of the Reformers. In 1570, Azevedo and his thirty-nine companions were slain and cast into the sea on their way to Brazil by the Calvinists of Holland; and in 1687, Bobola was flayed alive and hacked to death by the schismatic Cossacks. But it is not my intention to speak of the violence exerted by the Reformers against the Society, but rather of their employment of another arm, more powerful because more insidious, more effective because suited to all times, one which excites a sympathy with the persecutor, whereas the ruder mode of attack produces horror. I mean the arm of calumny.

"In speaking here of calumny, it must be understood that I do not refer only to those more evident cases in which gross crimes are attributed to individuals. There is a more insidious kind, in which it is taken for granted, as known to all, that certain pernicious maxims belong to a body, or rules are attributed to them which have no existence, and the

⁵ *Très humble Remonstrance et requête des religieux de la Compagnie de Jesus*, p. 71. Tournon, 1599.

reader is led away from the point which ought to have been first proved, to follow a phantom which has no reality. It is calumny, when the rules of an institute are distorted by false interpretations, by perversions of the text, or by the slipping in of words in the comment made upon it, which represent the rule in a false and injurious light. It is calumny, when to be honoured is styled ambition, when to be rich is avarice, when to possess influence is to be guilty of seeking universal rule, and this without any proof being adduced that riches or honour or influence were ever sought for their own sake, or gained by unworthy means. It is calumny when these gifts are purposely exaggerated, in order to draw disparaging consequences. It is calumny when principles which have no foundation in the Institute, but of which the contrary is distinctly maintained, principles of which no evidence is given in their conduct, are fastened upon the Society, and handed down from generation to generation, till the ignorant know such principles only as identical with the profession of a Jesuit. It is calumny when accusations, which have been again and again refuted, are brought forward anew in succeeding generations, as if they had never been disproved. It is calumny in the eyes of all thinking men when crimes are repeated to the cost of a body of men, which on the face of them are impossible, and which, had they been true, would have brought its existence to a close before it spread forth from the place of its origin.

"All these forms of calumny have been employed against the Society; and it is a subject of regret that they are not confined to notorious heretics of a past age, but gentlemen living in the midst of us, who like ourselves claim the protection of the law for their characters as well as for their earthly goods, have followed the lead of the Calvinists of the sixteenth century and of the Jansenists of the seventeenth. In this Mr. Cartwright has placed himself under my censure. I should be sorry to accuse him of being an intentional defamer, but surely when the character of a large body of men is concerned, ignorance is no excuse for the uncalled-for publication of defamatory stories, and least of all when an obvious mode of ascertaining the truth was at hand. The Institute, at the very time it was receiving the praises of the whole Catholic Church, was represented by the Reformers as filled with principles opposed to Divine and natural law; falsehoods were dexterously interwoven in the development of its rules. Obedience to Superiors was represented as *absolute*, though the contrary was distinctly and repeatedly asserted in the text; and a figment of the brain of a Calvinist was held up to execration as the work of St. Ignatius. The reader will see that there is no exaggeration in what I write. The gifts of princes for the foundation of Colleges and other pious works are exaggerated into a story of fabulous wealth; it is forgotten that education could not be given gratuitously unless provision was made for the support of teachers and the securing of a place of instruction, yet this gratuitous teaching is turned to scorn, because the Colleges were

endowed. If Fathers Toleti and Bellarmine were compelled by the Pope to accept the dignity of Cardinal, in spite of the protests of the General, it was the ambition of the Jesuits, who could not rest till they occupied the Papal throne, though no proof was ever brought of a design to obtain these honours. If Jesuits were sought out by princes as guardians of their souls, it was ambition which sought for universal sway, though no proof was ever brought that the Society sought such distinctions, to say nothing of the efforts it made to avoid them and the strict injunction imposed by the rules on such persons to take no part in public affairs. The principle that the end justifies the means, which has often even confessedly been used against the Society, is handed down as the fundamental principle of the Jesuits, though the contrary is visible to any sincere man in the Institute, though there is not an expression there to justify such an assertion, and though it has never been proved that the Society acted on such a principle, or that any member ever taught it. Because the Inquisition of Spain and other countries was held in horror by the Reformers, everywhere the simple were taught that this tribunal was an instrument of the Jesuits, till at this day the belief is all but universal, except among instructed Catholics, that the Jesuits were responsible for it, whereas it is certain that the Society, with a rare exception to which I shall refer later, had at no time anything to say to it. I shall have continually to recur to the charges of grievous crimes, repeated again and again without any proof, and, though the falsehood of the charges is demonstrated by facts and testimonies which admit no question, after a little interval renewed in another place as if the charges had never been refuted. Finally, they would have it believed that the Institute enforces submission to a despotism which in no state of slavery was ever equalled, and at the same time sends forth a body of many thousand men, bearing this heavy yoke with a light heart, in Courts, in prisons and hospitals, in universities, in schools of grammar, traversing mountains and seas, alone in the forests of the New World, in plenty and in poverty, in honour and dishonour, everywhere bearing the burthen of absolute subjection to a despot at Rome, and yet exhibiting a liberty of spirit, a joy of heart, a constancy in labour, a union among themselves, a love of their state and a readiness for new labours, such as no liberty the earth has known has ever seen. The accusers did not see the contradiction contained in this picture.

"A few words must be devoted to the original authorities from whom the later opponents of the Society of Jesus are content to derive their information. It will be sufficient to mention some of the most conspicuous. The first is Pasquier, who commits himself to the statement that the Jesuits tried to get a law passed excluding from the throne of Portugal all who did not belong to the order, or were not chosen by it!⁶ Pasquier's harangue before the University of Paris, as M. Dupin tells us, is the point of departure for all subsequent discus-

⁶ *Récherches de la France.* Paris, 1621, p. 313.

sions about the Society. He makes many wonderful revelations, which ought to alarm all who put implicit faith in his veracity. According to him Jesuit schools are seminaries of assassins.

"Another early writer is Schopp, who published his book, entitled, *Stratagemata Jesuitarum*, at Geneva, in the year 1634. It is a scurrilous book, full of the gravest calumnies, and containing attacks upon prelates of the Church too coarse for citation.

"Another is Kemnitz, who, for want of better argument, calls the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, Jebusites. There is one, however, who deserves especial mention, Hospinian, a Calvinist minister of Geneva, author of the *Historia Jesuitica*. This is truly a loathsome book, and it is no exaggeration to say that the author touches nothing which he does not pollute. 'Satan gnashes his teeth,' we are told in the preface to this precious document, 'Antichrist rages, the Jesuits are in uproar, and endeavour to subject everything.' Therefore he writes his 'Jesuitic history, that is, on their origin, rules, &c., and their deceits, frauds, impostures, nefarious crimes, bloody designs, false seditions, and sanguinary doctrine,' as runs the title page. The chief authorities adduced are apostates from the faith and renegades from the Society. If he ever quotes reliable authority, it is to pervert the meaning, and it is in this most of all that he has been largely imitated, as will in the proper place be shown.

"The cause of this violence is not far to seek. The Protestant historian Schöll tells us why the Society was persecuted. 'To overthrow the ecclesiastical power,' he writes,⁷ 'it was necessary to isolate it, by taking from it that sacred phalanx which had devoted itself to the defence of the Pontifical throne, that is, the Jesuits. Such was the true cause of the hatred which was vowed against this Society.'⁸ 'Once we have destroyed the Jesuits,' writes Voltaire to Helvetius, 'we shall have it all our own way against the *Infame*.' I shrink from translating this horrible blasphemy. And Frederick the Second to D'Alembert: 'Well done the philosophers! The Jesuits are driven from Spain, the throne of superstition is undermined, and in the next century it will totter.' I could fill a volume with similar confessions, but there is a higher authority even than that of these two infidels revealing to one another their inmost thoughts. On June 9th, 1763, the Supreme Pontiff Clement the Thirteenth wrote to the King of France to implore his protection for the Society in these solemn words: 'We come once more, Sire, to implore the powerful protection of your Majesty, but it is no longer in favour of the religious of the Society of Jesus alone, or in their interest, that we implore your powerful protection, it is for the sake of religion itself whose cause is intimately bound up with theirs.' And Clement the Eighth had already said in the Bull of Canonization of St. Ignatius, that God called him by wonderful paths to resist the errors of Luther and his followers.

⁷ *Cours d'Histoire*, vol. xlv. p. 71.

⁸ Ravignan, vol. i. p. 11.

"The charges brought against the Society of Jesus are too numerous to be dealt with in detail, but a little exposure of the method of attack, exemplified by one or two instances, may be instructive and suggestive. We select for our first consideration the vow of obedience.

"St. Ignatius expressly desired that obedience might be regarded as the special virtue of the Society. The vow of obedience has been the object of unceasing attack on the part of rebels against the Church. It is well known that the professed of the Society make a vow to go on any mission at the command of the Pope. The formula is as follows: 'Moreover, I promise special obedience to the Supreme Pontiff regarding missions, according as is contained in the Apostolic Letters and the Constitutions.'⁹ It is known too that St. Ignatius tells us to obey with a kind of blind obedience,¹⁰ and, following the example of the greatest ascetical writers, likens an obedient religious to a dead body, and to the staff in the hands of an old man, but with the limit clearly expressed 'where no sin appears.'¹¹ This in fact is no more than the obedience of a soldier; and anything less would make the government of a large body of men impossible; and it is moreover evident that where sin is not apparent the judgment of a superior is to be preferred to that of the inferior, as is the case in all societies of men that are subject to rule. It is manifest then, that the obedience vowed to the Pope and to the General is far from being absolute or unlimited; yet it is precisely their 'absolute and unreserved' obedience which has provoked so much declamation against the Jesuits. Pasquier, in his celebrated harangue before the University of Paris, already mentioned, tells us that Jesuits of the 'great observance' make a vow to obey the Pope 'without exception or reserve in everything he chooses to command.'¹² Again, that the meaning of this vow is that the Pope can do anything to us he pleases, that without penetrating the secret of his thoughts, we must obey him in everything;¹³ and he adds,¹⁴ that the obedience to the General, like that to the Pope, is blind and absolute, so that when there is a conflict between the interest of the Society and truth, 'the merit of obedience effaces the falsehood.' Hospinian follows shortly after, and tells us that Jesuits are ordered by St. Ignatius to obey with a simply blind obedience,¹⁵ taking care to omit the qualifying word *quadam*, which gives us the meaning of blind in a certain sense.¹⁶ And in quoting the text of St. Ignatius: 'Whatever the Superior orders . . . is to be looked on as good and holy,' he even introduces into his quotation the additional words *whatever he does*,¹⁷ the words in italics being nowhere in the text of St. Ignatius. He then tells us that according to the *Limitations* of the Saint, there could be no obedience at all, for Superiors 'command nothing but superstition and idolatry' and similar crimes.¹⁸ Following his master the Calvinist, the Jansenist

Inst. vol. i. p. 404. ¹⁰ "Cæca quadam obedientia." ¹¹ "Ubi peccatum non cerneretur."

¹² *Les Recherches de la France*, p. 223, d'Estienne Pasquier, Paris, 1621.

¹³ *Ibid.* p. 133 A.

¹⁴ P. 346 B.

"Cæca obedientia simpliciter."

¹⁵ *Historia Jesuitica*, p. 101.

¹⁷ "Quæque Superior jubet quæque ipse facit."

¹⁸ P. 116.

historian of the Society tells us¹⁹ that all the members of the Society are bound to their head by a bond of unreserved obedience, that the General has an unlimited authority in the Society.²⁰ Subjects are to obey him always and in everything; their obedience is to be blind and without limits.²¹ The authority of the General, we are told by M. de la Chalotais, involves a most frightful despotism, civil slavery never had anything approaching it;²² and the decree of the Parliament of Paris of August 6, 1761, informs us that every member of the Society is to obey the General 'blindly as Jesus Christ, without reserve, without exception, without examination, without even interior hesitation;' and the passage quoted by the Jansenist editor to justify this assertion is truncated in such manner as to omit the qualifying words, which limit obedience to cases in which no sin is discerned.²³

"Let us now look at authors a little nearer to our own time. Huber, who is Mr. Cartwright's chief authority, translates the words of St. Ignatius' Letter of Obedience—*Cæco quodam impetu voluntatis parendi cupide*—simply by a 'blind instinct' which quite destroys the real meaning.²⁴ The same author tells us the limitation to what is not sinful is one of mere appearance,²⁵ as the General is the 'infallible pastor of souls;' he 'unites in himself the wills, the convictions, the conscience of the whole Society: the Society is his passive instrument: his designs are immutable like those of God.'²⁶ And he proves it by telling us that we are told five hundred times in the Constitutions to see Christ in the Superior, forgetting that St. Paul tells the Ephesians to obey even their 'lords according to the flesh as Christ.'²⁷ One thing more. He tells us that a Jesuit promoted to ecclesiastical dignities swears before God always to follow the advice of the General, or of the Consultor whom the General appoints;²⁸ thus, he adds, he remains always under the jurisdiction of the General, who can recall him when he thinks it opportune or necessary. He then tells us that this system is applied specially to obtain inheritances. A member is secularized for appearances, and when the inheritance is secured, he is called back into the Order.²⁹ To show the falseness of the whole of this assertion, it is enough to say that the Jesuit who is made a bishop takes no vow to follow the advice of the General. He takes a vow to give attentive hearing to his advice, and to follow it if he shall consider it better than what had occurred to his own mind.³⁰ Neither has the General any power of recalling such men into the Society. The Sovereign Pontiff alone, who has laid the burthen on their shoulders, can relieve them of it. It follows that what is said about the securing of inheritances is a gratuitous calumny, without foundation as it is without any pretence of truth.

¹⁹ *Historie de la Naissance et Progrès de la Compagnie de Jesu*, vol. iv. p. 21.

²⁰ P. 26. ²¹ P. 40. ²² *Compte rendu*, p. 169.

²³ "Ubi definiri non possit, aliquod peccati genus intercedere" (*Inst.* tom. i. p. 408, Prague, 1757; *Hist. de la Naissance*, &c. vol. iv. p. 384).

²⁴ Huber, vol. i. p. 69. ²⁵ P. 68. ²⁶ Pp. 70, 71. ²⁷ Ephes. vi. 5.

²⁸ *Ibid.* p. 125.

²⁹ *Ibid.*

³⁰ Cong. I. Dec. 102, i. 476.

"Turning now to Mr. Cartwright, we once more find repeated mention of the absolute obedience to the Pope, the absolute obedience to the General, whereas it is sufficiently evident by the *Limitations* already referred to, that absolute obedience is not known in the Society. In his translation of the Letter of Obedience in page 16, he substitutes the word *absolute* for *perfect*, introduces the word *all* in the translation of *proprie voluntatis*, and translates the words *perinde ac si cadaver essent*: 'exactly as if they were dead bodies,' whereas the word *exactly* is certainly not contained in the original. Mr. Cartwright does not explain how absolute power is consistent with 'a system of checks and counter-checks for keeping each organ of the system, including the highest, to the precise mark of its intended functions,'³¹ or how any despotism can co-exist with a 'combination in most subtle proportions of monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy.'

"We have here the declamation of men whose object it was to discredit the Society by representing the General as an autocrat, exercising unlimited sway over his subjects, holding faculties which as Mr. Cartwright tells us 'have no parallel in their range.'³² Had they really sought the truth they would have found innumerable authors by whom the obedience of the Society is placed in its correct light. One declaration will suffice. In December, 1761, the assembled Bishops of France, invited by the King to give a report on the Institute of the Society, answered as follows: 'After having examined with the greatest attention the Constitutions of the Jesuits, the nature and extent of the authority of the General, we have observed, that the obligation of obedience to the General is restricted in the Constitutions of the Society, at least as much as in those of any other religious.' They add that the authority which the General has over the whole Society is 'no more than every Superior of a community must have over his religious by virtue of the vow of obedience . . . and as to the expression regarding the dead body, this can occasion surprise and scandal only to those, Sire, who know nothing of the language of the ascetics, and have no idea of a perfection which does not belong to their state.'³³ Archbishop Beaumont then tells us that according to St. Basil a religious should be in the hands of his Superior as a hatchet in the hand of the woodcutter; that St. John Climacus calls obedience the sepulchre of the will; and St. Bernard 'that blessed blindness which illuminates the soul in the way of salvation;' and the rule of the Carthusians says that the will is to immolate itself by obedience like the victim in a sacrifice; and St. Bonaventura, that the obedient man is like a dead body which allows itself to be moved and carried without resistance.³⁴

"I cannot omit to add here the testimony of Van Espen, certainly no prejudiced witness in favour of the Society. Speaking of blind obedience he says: 'This obedience is blind only so far as to remove from the sight of him who is engaged in the religious state the illusions of

³¹ P. 14.

³² P. 14.

³³ Istruzione Pastorale di Mgr. Archivescovo di Parigi, 1767.

³⁴ P. 71.

passion. All its merit and perfection consist in avoiding examination and discussion, when it is a question of flying from objects which flatter self-love. On these occasions the judgment of the Superior is the rule which is followed as if it were a command of God Himself.³⁶

"The Bishops of France were right. These writers did not know the alphabet of ascetic life. Why then did they undertake to write about that of which they were ignorant? Whence this declamation regarding what is common to all religious life, and these exaggerations and mis-statements of the rule of the Society to excite the passions of the unreasoning against it? Surely this is not a case in which ignorance is an excuse.

"We pass to another point. It has already been discussed in these pages, but Mr. Cartwright returns to the charge. I mean the existence of the order of crypto-Jesuits, not bound by 'bonds of mere sympathy,' as he tells us, 'but of positive obedience and direct engagement.'³⁶ Here, too, he has only followed writers of the class already alluded to. Jesuits of the little observance, says Pasquier, take vows of neither poverty nor chastity, but only obedience to the Pope and Superiors; they may be priests or laymen, married or unmarried. They are allowed to live with the rest of the people except on certain fixed days, so that it is not out of the way³⁷ to find a whole city Jesuit.³⁸ The Jansenist history of the Society, already referred to, cites the testimony of Pasquier in his own words,³⁹ and further on argues from the words of St. Ignatius, that even novices form a part of the Society in a wide sense, that therefore one who has made no vows and wears no habit,—and he slips in the word postulant, which is not included in the words of St. Ignatius,—'is nevertheless fully a Jesuit, and that therefore the whole earth, without vows and without habit may be fully and perfectly Jesuit.'⁴⁰ La Chalotais speaks of the invisible Jesuits who have been talked of for two centuries, but acknowledges that he knows nothing about them. In 1767 there was published at Venice a pamphlet entitled, *Secret Jesuits*, in which are contained a letter of Father Oliva to Cardinal Donghi, and another to a Venetian nobleman. These letters are presumed to contain unanswerable proof of the existence of secret members of the Society, and with the printing of capitals and some declamatory remarks the proof ends; but it is supplemented by a parallel between the beast of the Apocalypse and the Society, and an engraving in which Father Oliva is represented seated on a grand throne addressing a crowd of Jesuits, among whom Cardinal Donghi and the Venetian nobleman are conspicuous. Huber, too, appeals to the letter of Father Oliva as a proof that a Jesuit may be married, and calls on Suarez to witness that conjugal chastity suffices for the character of a religious.⁴¹ Here then is an array of authorities, but they are all of one class. What then is the foundation of all this?

³⁶ Cited by de Beaumont, *Ibid.* p. 72.

³⁶ P. 39, &c.

³⁷ Impertinent.

³⁸ Pp. 323, 324.

³⁹ Vol. iii. p. 249.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.* p. 265.

⁴¹ Vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

Mr. Cartwright acknowledges that his chief authority, Huber, has not substantiated the case, and that Bayle looks on the whole thing as the invention of a heated fancy. He acknowledges that the Jesuits have always stoutly denied the existence of secret members, and must be conscious that during the space of three hundred years apostates from the Order and false brethren have never revealed their existence, though it is evident enough that there have been many occasions in which the will to injure it was not wanting—witness the authorities on whom Hospinian relies. Still he says no answer has ever yet sufficiently grappled with the texts which give colour to the assertion.

"It may be asked in the first place, whether he has ever read any treatise on the subject written by a member of the Order. Perhaps also the best way to grapple with the difficulty is to explain the texts according to their obvious sense, without presupposing a mystery, which is the thing to be proved. When a writer starts a commentary on the Institute of the Society by speaking of it as 'an occult force,'⁴² 'a subtle organization,'⁴³ when he speaks of its astute exemptions,⁴⁴ the astute furtherances of its aims,⁴⁵ and all this without the slightest proof of any such spirit, we shall not be surprised that he finds mystery in the simplest expressions. Let us then look at his proofs. I feel sure that no one will follow me through them without agreeing that nothing but a prejudgment quite unpardonable in such circumstances could have led him to his conclusions. 'The General,' he says, 'can admit any candidate though notoriously infamous for enormous crimes,' when his admittance would be particularly valuable to the Order, and argues that it would not therefore be incongruous to admit a secret candidate of equal value; but here his foundation fails him, for it is expressly enacted that persons who have once been infamous can only be admitted by the authority of the Pontiff. Again referring to the Constitution,⁴⁶ he says, not only Professed Fathers and novices but 'all who at any time may be under some probation with an inward intention of ultimately living and dying in the Society, and of some day being admitted to one or other of its grades, belong to the Society.' It is necessary here to translate exactly the words of the Constitution, and the reader will see how reckless, I must say how insincere, is the argument. 'The Society,' it says, 'embraces all who live under obedience to the General, even novices, and whoever with the purpose of living and dying in the Society is going through the probations in order to be admitted to one of the other degrees which will be spoken of.' St. Ignatius is defining the limits of the Society.

"There is here no word of the *inward* intention, of *ultimately* living and dying in the Society, of being at *any time* under *some* probation to be *some time* admitted into *one or other* of its grades; which last expression is a very different thing from one of its other grades. It must be evident to every one that all the words I have italicized have been introduced for no purpose but to give to the passage the signification which would

⁴² P. 1.

⁴³ P. 12.

⁴⁴ P. 13.

⁴⁵ P. 27.

⁴⁶ P. 1, c. v. A.

prove the thesis required. Again, the note in the margin would have referred the reader to an earlier portion of the volume,⁴⁷ where he would have seen that the words of the text contain precisely the question put to novices before they are admitted to the probation of the novitiate—‘Whether he has a deliberate purpose of living and dying in the Lord with and in this Society?’ Mr. Cartwright could not, then, have been ignorant that the whole passage refers to novices actually undergoing their probation before they can pass on to the other stages of the Society, and contains no mystery whatever. The next passage on which Mr. Cartwright relies is one which he considers so clear that he tells us it baffles conception how any one can give the words any but their obvious construction. I quite agree with him, and shall translate them exactly, that the reader may judge for himself. After having said that the ordinary power of admitting into the Society belongs to the General, and after him to the Provincial, the Declaration continues: ‘But the General can communicate this faculty to certain local Superiors or Rectors, and other Visitors or distinguished persons, and even in certain cases to any one not of the Society, as to a bishop or person holding ecclesiastical authority, when no Professed Father of the Society is to be found in the place.’ It certainly is difficult to understand how any one could find in this passage, I will not say a proof, but an indication however slight of the existence of the mysterious Order of secret Jesuits. Surely it rather seems to be exceptionally above-board, thus to permit men who are not of the Society to exercise the delicate office of admitting candidates. I say nothing of the artifice by which Mr. Cartwright has introduced the words *overt* profession, of which there is not a trace in the text. This has been sufficiently commented on elsewhere to make it unnecessary for me to say more about it, except to regret, in the cause of fairness, that he has retained it.

“It is time to see the proofs with which Huber establishes his thesis. In the first place he adduces the case of St. Francis Borgia and Cardinal Nobilius. Of these it will be better to speak afterwards, and I proceed at once to the others. He proceeds: ‘Functionaries in high places, Ministers, Judges, and Cardinals secretly belonging to the Order, and labouring by obscure paths in its interest, must have been of inestimable value to the Society.’⁴⁸ No doubt; but his proofs that they really existed are such that they did not even satisfy Mr. Cartwright, and we cannot be surprised if he discerned their weakness. ‘The Constitution,’ says M. Huber, ‘points out the means of joining to the Society such members.’⁴⁹ In the first place, he tells us on the authority of Suarez, whom of course he does not cite, ‘that the professed can be dispensed from entering the ecclesiastical state.’⁵⁰ The truth on this point is that Suarez tells us⁵¹ that no one can make the profession of the four vows (and these only are commonly understood as the professed) till he is already a priest, and to prove this assertion he refers to the *Examen*

⁴⁷ P. 345.⁴⁸ Vol. i. p. 98.⁴⁹ *Ibid.*⁵⁰ P. 99.⁵¹ *De Religione Soc. Jesu*, lib. vi. c. i. n. 4.

Generale,⁵² where it is said distinctly, 'and all must be priests before profession.' It is true, he adds, that a person may for special reasons be admitted to the profession of three vows before being ordained priest, but as this degree of three vows, according to the Constitutions, can only in any case be given 'rarely and not without particular causes,'⁵³ it is quite evident that the words of Suarez bear the very opposite signification to that for which M. Huber has quoted him. Again; he tells us, 'Jesuits have no distinctive habit; they may wear the dress of a layman; therefore to be a member of the Order brings with it no exterior sign;' no sign, that is, which would prevent a Jesuit's concealing himself in special circumstances from his persecutors, as the missionaries of all other Orders are obliged to do, by dispensation, in preaching the faith to barbarous countries; but this has nothing to do with the existence of an Order of Jesuits habitually living concealed amongst men of the world, and partaking of their manners. M. Huber could scarcely fail to see this. He proceeds: 'The accomplishment of the vow of poverty is obligatory only inasmuch as it can be reconciled with the social state of the professed;' a proposition meant to contain a truth and convey a falsehood. Whatever truth there is in it may be expressed as follows: The external exercise of poverty in an individual of the Society will depend on the necessities of the position in which he is placed, as follows from a due subjection of the means to the end. The essence of poverty in the Society consists in this, that no one can be in possession of superfluities, or can possess anything independently of his Superior, and upon these two points there can be no dispensation.

'A more serious accusation now claims a few words. Father Oliva, Huber tells us, shows that the General can reconcile the vow of chastity with marriage. Of Father Oliva I shall speak presently, and I will then show how false is the assumption drawn from his letters. He continues: 'This vow can be dispensed with in eminent persons.' To show the shameless effrontery of this assertion, it is enough to say that Suarez⁵⁴ tells us that the vow of chastity is 'simply inseparable from this (the religious) state, as long as it lasts; it never falls under dispensation, and perhaps could not; certain it is that no one but the Supreme Pontiff has this power.' How then can Huber attempt to make his readers believe that eminent men remaining in the Society, for that is the question, can be dispensed from their vow? He adds that according to the authority of Suarez, conjugal chastity suffices for the religious state, and leads his readers to believe that this doctrine may be applied to the Society. He is careful to conceal that Suarez is here answering the question⁵⁵ 'whether also military Orders, which vow only conjugal chastity, can properly be called religious?' and he answers in the affirmative, 'because such an Order is a true state of perfection, and therefore a true state of religion;' and he proves his antecedent by

⁵² C. i. n. 8.

⁵³ Const. V. c. ii. n. 3.

⁵⁴ *De Religione*, lib. iv. c. i. n. 1.

⁵⁵ Tract. 9, l. i. c. iv. Ed. Venet. 1743, vol. xv. p. 243. n. 13.

pointing out that the members really bind themselves by vow to arduous labours, and to dangers to which they would not otherwise be bound, for the service of God, and in n. 19 he shows in what manner they are bound by their vow of chastity. M. Huber concludes his proofs by the assertion that 'the General can secularize in appearance any of his subjects, by sending them into the world, under the obligation of returning to the Order at the least signal;' an assertion for which he cites no authority, and which is absolutely without foundation in the Institute, and is incompatible with it. From these premisses he then draws his conclusion: 'There are, then, in the world, members of the Society of Jesus whose character it is impossible to guess.' He then adds that the Jesuits themselves speak of Ferdinand the Second, Ferdinand the Third, and Sigismund the Third of Poland, and others, as members of the Order. Of course he does not tell us to what Jesuit writers he refers. He has simply given his sanction to a ridiculous invention, and and by way of blinding his readers still further he tells them that 'the mother of the Emperor Rodolphus the Second, and other princesses, maintained close relation with the Order.'⁵⁶ Certainly when we remember that Mr. Cartwright and M. Huber, bringing to their task considerable intelligence, at least in other matters, a strong will, and a marked bias of judgment, and having at their service the revelations of all the apostates and traitors to the Society, and the writings of heretics and infidels during the space of three hundred years, have been obliged to be content with the arguments I have discussed, we may fairly hope that the ghost of the secret Jesuit will submit to be laid."

⁵⁶ P. 100.

(To be continued.)

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism*, by Nicholas Sander, D.D., some time Fellow of New College, Oxford. Published A.D. 1585, with a continuation of the History by the Rev. Edward Rishton, B.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by David Lewis, M.A. London: Burns and Oates, 1877.

Both Sander, the historian and his continuator, Rishton, were confessors for the faith, and as such were too deeply interested in the events which they describe to be very mild in their praise or their blame. Edward Rishton lay for some years under sentence of death in the Tower, and Dr. Sander, a man well known and cordially hated by heretics, was sent by Gregory the Thirteenth as his Nuncio to Ireland in 1579, and died of starvation in the hills, hunted to death by Elizabeth's pursuivants. If sometimes the victims of the Reformation say hard things of the Reformers, our countrymen, with all their deeply ingrained anti-papal prejudice, are learning to distinguish between the shameless lies of the advocates of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth and the occasionally indiscreet language of men who may have made mistakes, for they were not infallible, but who suffered for conscience' sake and were witnesses to Christ, not traitors, and not liars.

Bishop Burnet says: "Liars, by a frequent custom, grow to such a habit, that in the commonest things they cannot speak truth, even though it might conduce to their ends more than their lies do. Sander had so given himself up to vent reproaches and lies, that he often did it for nothing, without any end but to carry on a trade that had been so long driven by him that he knew not how to lay it down." Not only Catholics, but many fair-minded Protestants will allow that Dr. Sander is a safer guide to mere facts than Dr. Burnet.

It may be that the story of the wretched Anne Boleyn is too terrible even for truth, but Mr. Lewis, in his Introduction, makes it quite certain that Dr. Sander did not originate what Camden calls "that damnable lie concerning the birth of Queen Elizabeth's mother." He undoubtedly believed in the truth of his own assertion, and he seems to have considered that it was no time for false delicacy and suppression of unpleasant truth. Henry and Anne had been Satan's agents to ruin souls innumerable, and it was better they should be known for what they were. In any case, the Anglican schism has good reason to feel

shy of its parentage. It owes its existence beyond all dispute to the divorce of Queen Catharine. No honest student imagines that the King's scruples of conscience, which at the starting of the question may have been genuine, were in the end anything more than detestable cant, for it is too absurdly inconsistent to believe in the Pope's power to permit a second marriage in the lifetime of the first wife, a permission actually sought, and to deny the Pope's power to dispense with the merely ecclesiastical prohibition to marry a brother's widow. The divorce of Queen Catharine was a wicked means to a wicked end. Anne Boleyn was the price for which Henry sold his own soul and England's communion with Rome, and she was a degraded creature except by the praises of men who deliberately stated what they knew to be untrue. Archbishop Cranmer's acting might deceive simple souls in his own time who found it their worldly interest to be deceived, but it deceives no one now.

Matters being thus arranged, the time had come when Archbishop Cranmer, released by the authority of a lay assembly from the obligations of the oath he had taken to the Roman Pontiff, felt himself at liberty, even against the orders of the Roman Pontiff, to separate Henry and Catherine by a sentence of divorce. Accordingly, with Henry's leave, he took with him certain bishops, proctors, advocates, and notaries to the town of Dunstable, not far from the royal residence of Ampthill, where the Queen was living at the time. He summoned the Queen more than once to appear in his court, and when he had waited, but in vain, for a fortnight, he made his preparations for pronouncing the sentence of divorce. Before this he had warned the King, as one who, in some measure, shrunk from the divorce—that was done by agreement between them—no longer to retain his brother's wife contrary to the laws of the Gospel; and if he did not obey, he said he must, however unwilling, because of the office he held in the Church of God, proceed to ecclesiastical censures against the King.

The King's flatterers cried out: "Oh, the marvellous freedom of speech in a subject! Now indeed we see how great is the difference between the religion of Papistry and the true Gospel of God. The Bishop, if he were not sent of God, would not have dared thus to remind the King of his duty. Oh, blessed day, which first brought us this heavenly light!" (p. 107.)

Mr. Lewis, in his introduction, gives a searching analysis of the negotiations which preceded the divorce, and Cardinal Wolsey is proved from his own letters to have played a very unworthy part in furtherance of his own ambitious schemes. He desired the divorce from motives of European policy, not from any liking for Anne Boleyn. When he first made the suggestion it was with a view to a French alliance, and he little thought that he was helping Anne Boleyn to his own undoing. Clement the Seventh was alternately coaxed and bullied by Henry and his delegates, but he stood firm to his first response. All that he could in conscience do he would do for Henry, but he would do no injustice. The "pollicitation" or promise made by the Pope to Henry must have been something very different from that which Burnet copies from Lord Herbert, for the true "pollicitation" was so very unsatisfactory, that Wolsey descended to actual dishonesty to extract a fuller concession from the Pope.

Hitherto, then, the Cardinal had not been able to get any promise from the Pope that was of any service to him in the trial which was so soon to take place before him; for that very promise or "pollicitation," which the King said he had received from the Pope, and which he, not being a lawyer, understood not—perhaps also the true meaning of it was kept from him—was in the eyes of the Cardinal not to the purpose; these are his words: "And amongst other things, whereas ye with these last letters, sent the Pope's pollicitation for the non-inhibition or avoking of the cause, *the ratifying and confirming of the sentence by us his Legates* herein to be given and other things mentioned in the same, ye shall understand that the said pollicitation is so couched and qualified, as the Pope's Holiness, whensoever he will, may reserve: like as by certain lines and annotations which in the margin of a copy of the said pollicitation I send you herewith, ye shall perceive more at large."

Here, then, is a plain confession that the Pope never did bind himself to confirm the sentence of the Legates absolutely. . . .

There is more behind. Cardinal Wolsey having told the Ambassadors that the commission already issued was not large enough for the purpose, and that the pollicitation did not bind the hands of the Pope, thus proceeds in his instructions: "After your other suits for the ampliation of the new commission, if any such may be attained, brought unto as good a purpose as ye can, ye shall by some good way find the mean to attain a new pollicitation, with such or as many of the words and additions newly devised as ye can get."

On the 4th of May Gardiner wrote to the King in a letter, which Burnet has published, these words: "All jointly and I myself apart, applying all my poor wit and learning to attain at the Pope's hand some part of the accomplishment of your highness' desires, *finally have nothing prevailed.*"

The failure was so thorough, and the danger to the Cardinal was so great that the Archbishop of York, at this time Bishop of Winchester also, Cardinal of the holy Roman Church, directed a priest, the man who succeeded him in the see of Winchester, to present himself before the Vicar of our Lord, without the truth upon his tongue.

"To show unto the Pope's Holiness by way of sorrow and dolence how your courier, to whom you committed the conveyance of the said pollicitation so chanced in wet and water in the carriage thereof, as the packet wherein it was, with such letters as were with the same, and amongst others the rescripts of pollicitation was totally wet, defaced, and not legible. . . .

It is to be observed that all this was not the truth.

"And thus coming to a new pollicitation, and saying ye will devise it as nigh as ye can remember according to the former, ye by your wisdoms, and namely ye, Mr. Stevyns,¹ may find the means to get as many of the new and other pregnant, fat, and available words as is possible, the same signed and sealed as the other is, to be written in parchment. . . .

Clement was as obstinate in his determination to do no injustice as Henry was in his resolve to gratify an unholy passion at every cost, and our poor country cast off its allegiance to the Vicar of Christ to enable a selfish tyrant to put away his pure and saintly wife, that he might raise to the throne of England a woman of infamous antecedents, with whom he was connected in forbidden degrees of affinity, even if not of consanguinity. From such beginnings, the only wonder must ever be that anything so externally respectable as the State Church of England should have issued. "Oh, truly blessed and providential wedlock!" wrote an English Calvinist in a book which he presented to

¹ Stephen Gardiner.

Queen Elizabeth; "birth and child divine, by which the country was rescued out of slavery and darkness worse than those of Egypt, and brought back to the true worship of Christ!"

Any true history of the Anglican schism must necessarily treat largely of the divorce of Queen Catharine. Although God can when he chooses draw good out of evil, yet the surpassing wickedness of Henry the Eighth and his Archbishop make it humanly certain that they were not chosen vessels to preach a purer gospel. To tear the mask from a royal hypocrite is at all times disagreeable, and to contemporaries very dangerous. Yet sometimes truth is not only a right but a necessity. Millions have died in heresy because such books as Dr. Sander's *Anglican Schism* were carefully suppressed, and such books as Bishop Burnet's *Reformation* were widely diffused.

The desire to know facts, and to "hear the other side" is an honourable characteristic of the present generation, and although there still are men who wilfully falsify history, their power of mischief is wonderfully less than in the days of "Good Queen Bess."

Dr. Sander's history ends with the death of Mary and Cardinal Pole. The Rev. Edward Rishton, partly helped by some MSS. of Dr. Sander tells of the persecution under Elizabeth down to 1585.

One specimen of *No-Popery* legislation may be instructive and amusing:

In the month of November Parliament assembled, and Henry for the purpose of revenging himself still more upon the Pope took away from him all jurisdiction and power over the English and the Irish, and declared every one who should henceforth acknowledge the Pope's jurisdiction guilty of high treason. He made an onslaught on the word Pope, and gave orders that for the future the Roman Pontiff should be called not the Pope, but the Bishop of Rome only. . . . The King had the laws executed with such severity that a man might be condemned to death if he left unerased the name of the Pope in any book belonging to him. The name of the Pope was blotted out of all calendars, indexes, the Fathers, the canon law, and the schoolmen.

2. *A Thousand Miles up the Nile.* By Amelia B. Edwards. Longmans, Green, and Co., London.

It is not so many years ago since a journey up the Nile of half the distance achieved by this lady would have been regarded as travels of discovery worthy of the most enterprising of our explorers, and requiring months of preparation. But now a lady traveller, without deeming her promptitude a match for Captain Burnaby's energy in setting out for Khiva, is able to speak of having drifted into the first idea and actual undertaking of a thousand miles up the Nile "by accident, as one might turn aside into the Burlington Arcade or the Passage des Panoramas to get out of the rain." That others of all nations, a large proportion of whom are of course English or Americans, require very little excuse for doing the same, we gather from the description given us of her fellow-travellers, as "Nile-goers, young and old, well-dressed and

ill-dressed, learned and unlearned, Cook's tourists and independent travellers." Of whom "some are invalids in search of health, artists in search of subjects, sportsmen keen upon crocodiles, statesmen out for a holiday, special correspondents alert for gossip, collectors on the scent of papyri and mummies, men of science with only scientific ends in view, and the usual surplus of idlers who travel for the mere love of travel, or the satisfaction of a purposeless curiosity." Though Miss Edwards' journey was so hastily entered upon, it was by no means accidental or careless in the plan on which it was carried out. The arrangement of all its details was throughout wisely studied, and gave full effect to the motives and principles thus expressed. "The truth is that the mere sight-seeing of the Nile demands some little reading and organizing, if only to be enjoyed. We cannot all be profoundly learned, but we can at least do our best to understand what we see, to get rid of obstacles, to put the right thing in the right place. For the land of Egypt is a great book—not very easy reading, perhaps, under any circumstances, but at all events quite difficult enough already, without the added puzzlement of being read backwards." The last remark of the writer refers to a point on which she much insists, namely, that as the history of ancient Egypt follows the stream of her great central river, the traveller should ascend quickly to his highest intended point and descend the Nile slowly, thus studying the ruins on its banks in proper chronological order.

There is, no doubt, much soundness in the advice; at all events, both travels made and travels written would leave much more abundant fruit of useful information behind them if they were directed with more definite motive, study, and method, than are generally devoted to them.

Miss Edwards' two volumes are so handsomely got up, and so richly illustrated, as almost to suggest a suspicion at the first glance that, like many similar books, these recommendations were expected to do duty for less study and originality in the letterpress portion of her work. But on the contrary, the delay of two years in its publication has secured great fulness of details and great accuracy in the descriptions given of ancient buildings and in the history of the dynasties with which they are associated, as well as in the material points of the sketches and the maps with which her volumes are embellished. Her style is remarkably pleasant and colloquial, and by introducing the reader to the acquaintance, as it were, of each member of the two parties that made the journey together, and familiarizing him with the habits of their everyday life, she has succeeded as nearly as possible in enabling him to feel as though he himself had been one of the party. We cannot but say that it would have been very bright and enjoyable company, where in the midst of objects of such grand and deep interest, and of such lovely scenery, everything was seen and enjoyed with the eye and taste of an artist, and is as graphically reproduced before the eye as carefully executed sketches and clever picture drawing in words could effect this. Besides its scenery and its climate, the chief glory of Egypt lies in its

ruined temples and its pyramids, and the awe inspired by their unknown antiquity and their gigantic proportions makes it appear to us a hopeless speculation even to think of the individual architectural mind that conceived, designed, and directed the execution of these temples, or of the sculptor who carved out of the mountain rock gigantic features of the most exquisite symmetry and most delicate expression. Miss Edwards draws attention to an ancient statue found nearly sixty years ago at Thebes on the Nile, and now preserved in the Glyptothek Museum at Munich, as probably representing one of these mystic architects, whose name was Bak-en-Khousu. "He sits upon the ground, bearded, robed, and in an attitude of meditation. The inscriptions engraved on the back of the statue record his promotion step by step to the highest grade of the hierarchy. Having attained the dignity of High Priest and First Prophet of Ammon during the reign of Seti the First, he became Chief Architect of the Thebaid under Rameses the Second, and received a royal commission to superintend the embellishment of the Temples. When Rameses the Second 'erected a monument to his Divine Father, Ammon Ra,' the building thereof was executed under the direction of Bak-en-Khousu. He made the sacred edifice in the upper gate of the Abode of Ammon. He erected obelisks of granite. He made golden flagstaffs. He added very great colonnades." These probably refer to the Temple of Luxor, the Ramesseum, and the Hall of Pillars at Karnak. The last-mentioned of these has been over and over again acknowledged to be the noblest architectural work ever designed and executed by human hands.

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3. *The Life of St. Willibrord*, Archbishop of Utrecht and Apostle of Holland.
London: Burns and Oates, 1877.

This little volume takes us back to the days when what we may call the first generation of Oxford converts was finding its way, amid much toil, sorrow and obloquy, into the Catholic Church, which was the natural goal and end of the movement which has now become matter of history. It was written for the well known series of the *Lives of English Saints* which Dr. Newman projected as a part of his occupation at Littlemore. The series soon, we believe, passed out of his hands as editor, and if it contained a number of volumes, the merit of all of which was not equal, it may at least be said that several of them were written with rare beauty, and in a spirit of intense and humble earnestness which makes them treasures of hagiology. Perhaps it would not be easy to find a more conclusive test of the entire difference of spirit between the disciples of Dr. Newman at that time and the modern Ritualists, than the contrast between these delicate and plaintive biographies, and the productions of the school which now calls itself that of the Catholic revival in the Anglican Church.

The slender volume before us has all the best characteristics of the *Littlemore Lives of the Saints*. The nature of the subject and of the

materials at hand must necessarily have a great influence on the general effect of a particular volume, and we miss here that fulness of picturesque detail which made the life, for instance, of St. Stephen Harding, so conspicuously beautiful in the series of which we are speaking. If we are not mistaken, the author is the same highly cultivated and tenderly religious writer to whom we owe the *Life of St. William* and his family—one of the earliest volumes of the series. The present work was written and in type at the time of its author's conversion to the Catholic Church, and was in consequence suppressed. It is now published as it was written thirty years ago. We venture to say that it will be very welcome to the Catholic public. It contains two lives—for the memoir of St. Lioba, the gentle Wessex maiden, relative of St. Boniface, whom he sent for from her convent at Wimburn to come and help him in making the Germans civilized men and women as well as Christians, is added to that of St. Willibrord. We should be glad to think that we might hope to see more volumes of the same calm beauty from the pen of this writer.

4. *In Memoriam*. "Be ye also ready." A funeral discourse preached in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, at the solemn dirge in memory of Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian, May 29, 1877. By Father Gallwey, of the Society of Jesus. Burns and Oates, 1877.

Few who were present on the occasion of the dirge in memory of the late Lady Lothian will have failed to desire that the words which were then addressed to them by one who had so much right to speak then and there as Father Gallwey should be preserved. The sermon made a deep impression at the time, and we feel sure that it will be highly valued by the Catholic public in general. We have heard of more than one proposal as to the manner in which the memory of one so dear to the Catholics of this country should be commemorated. On such occasions as that of the loss of Lady Lothian, such proposals are usually only too numerous. But the friends of the charitable lady in question know that her heart was very much set on providing some institution in which work might be secured for a class of persons in whom she was particularly interested—that of discharged prisoners. Such women are often almost forced back upon the dangers which have brought them into trouble by the great reluctance which is widely felt to give them employment. A house had been secured at Bayswater for the reception of women of this class before Lady Lothian's death, and it is intended to call this institution St. Cecilia's Home, in memory of her. The proceeds of the sale of this sermon are to be devoted as an offering to the funds of this infant work of charity.

5. *Antar and Zara*, an Eastern romance; *Inisfail* and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. By Aubrey de Vere. Henry S. King and Co., London, 1877.

We have so often spoken of the poetry of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, that we should have to repeat ourselves if we were to attempt a criticism of

the volume now before us. Nor is such criticism needed, inasmuch as by far the greater part of the contents of this volume consists of poems with which the many admirers of the author are already familiar. It is one of a series in which we shall have Mr. de Vere's works uniformly collected. The first poem, however, which is one of the loveliest which the author has ever written, deserves a few words, as it is altogether new. The scene is laid in the Lebanon, and the six successive parts into which it is divided are simply songs of an heroic young chief and the daughter of an Emir, his betrothed love. In the first part and in the third the lover sings; in the second and in the fourth the princess. In the fifth and sixth the two alternate, and the whole poem ends with their happy bridal. The story, slight as it is, is all told in the songs, which are extremely graceful and beautiful. Again and again this poem may be read with ever fresh delight. For our own part, we value it on account of its subject, as well as of its intrinsic beauty. Mr. de Vere speaks in his introduction of the great interest which hangs over those brave and pure Christian races of the East, such as the Maronites and the Melchites, which have suffered and fought so persistently for the faith of Christ under the remorseless sword of the Turks. Of the Melchites he says that, "Weakened by their hereditary feuds, they retain, notwithstanding, all the pride of their ancient stock, and not less all its heroism, its generosity, its hospitality, its sense of honour, and its passion for poetry and eloquence. The devotion of both these races to their faith is sufficiently attested by their having retained it during so many centuries of wrong, and in spite of so many persecutions. In the massacres of 1860 alone, about twelve thousand of them perished." Never have we met more purely beautiful love-songs than these. The poem was composed, Mr. de Vere tells us, in substance, twelve years ago, "when the author was in the East, and when public attention had been recently drawn to the Christians of the Lebanon, though neither permanently nor effectually, by persecutions not less horrible than those which their fellow-Christians in Turkey have endured within the last few months." Let us hope that the next few months may not bring us the news of a fresh outbreak of Mohammedan barbarities in Syria.

6. *Essays and Reviews.* By the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. New York : The Catholic Publication Society. London : Burns and Oates, 1877.

Dr. Spalding is a thorough American, with earnest faith in the future of Republicanism, if only it can be taught to know its best interests and to keep on friendly terms with its best friend. We have had, he thinks, quite enough about the Church in her conservative character. She is the mother of true liberty. She loves order and hates tyranny. At the same time, he does not deal in flattery and has no bombastic eulogy of American independence; he does not close his eyes to the evident danger. If society becomes infidel, so much the worse for society. If it drives the Church into the catacombs, it will itself break

up in hopeless anarchy, and the Church will emerge because it is divinely guaranteed against dissolution.

These ten Essays are, with one exception, reprinted from papers which have appeared in the *Catholic World* during the last eighteen months. They relate directly to the subject of intensest thought in these days, the struggle between "the world" and Christ's Church. The special points selected for discussion are: The Catholic Church in the United States, 1776—1876: the Persecution of the Church in the German Empire: Comparative Influence of Catholicism and Protestantism on National Prosperity (1) Wealth, (2) Education, (3) Morality: Prussia and the Church, in three essays: German Journalism: Religion and Art.

In the first essay we learn how rapid and how very recent has been the growth of Catholicity in the United States. The Bishop does not attribute the wonderful progress to any original turn for toleration, or any later sympathy with France, but purely to unforeseen developments of the constitution under the providential force of circumstances.

The law which denied to the general government all right of interference in religious matters was a political necessity. . . . There is no foundation, we think, for the opinion which we have sometimes heard expressed, that the First Amendment to the Constitution was intended as an act of tardy justice to the Catholics of the United States, in gratitude for their conduct during the war and for the aid of Catholic France. . . . There is no question, then, but the Catholics of this country owe the freedom which they now enjoy to the operation of general laws, the necessary results of given social conditions, and not at all to the good-will or tolerant temper of American Protestants. Let us however be grateful for the boon, whencesoever derived. At the close of the war, which secured our national independence and created the Republic, the Catholic Church found herself for all practical purposes unfettered, and free to enter upon a field which to her, we may say, was new. At that time there were in the whole country not more than forty thousand Catholics and twenty-five priests. In all the land there was not a convent or a religious community. There was not a Catholic school; there was no bishop; the Sacraments of Confirmation and of Holy Orders had never been administered. The Church was without organization, having for several years had no intercourse with its immediate head, the Vicar-Apostolic of London; it was without property, with the exception of some land in Maryland, which through a variety of contrivances had been saved from the rapacity of the colonial persecutors; and surrounded by a bigoted Protestant population, ignorant of all the Catholic glories of the past, it was also without honour (pp. 22, 23, 24).

Compare the following account—

In 1875 there were, according to the official statistics of the various dioceses, five thousand and seventy-four priests, twelve hundred and seventy-three ecclesiastical students, and six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight churches and chapels in the United States. There were also at the same time thirty-three theological seminaries, sixty-three colleges, five hundred and fifty-seven academies and select schools, sixteen hundred and forty-five parochial schools, two hundred and fourteen asylums, and ninety-six hospitals under the authority and control of the Catholic hierarchy of this country. . . . It is now eighty-six years since Bishop Carroll was consecrated, and down to 1808 he remained the only Catholic bishop in the American Church, whose hierarchy is composed at present of one cardinal, ten archbishops, forty-six bishops, and eight vicars-apostolic (pp. 35, 36).

A hearty American scorn of Bismarckism runs through the larger number of these essays. The German Chancellor was profoundly ignorant of one thing which it much imported him to know, and he has run his head against the wall in the blindness of his self-complacency. Brute force is admirable as against Prussians, but as against Catholics it is somewhat impotent.

Carlyle has at last found a living hero, the very impersonation of the brute force which to him is ideal and admirable; and at eighty he offers incense and homage to the idol. We freely give Prince Bismarck credit for his remarkable gifts—indomitable will, reckless courage, practical knowledge of men, considered as intelligent automata, whose movements are directed by a kind of bureaucratic and military mechanism; and this is the kind of men with whom, for the most part, he has had to deal. For your thorough Prussian, though the wildest of speculators and the boldest of theorizers, is the tamest of animals. No poor Russian soldier ever crouched more submissively beneath the knout than do the Prussian Pantheists and culturists beneath the lash of a master. Like Voltaire, they probably prefer the rule of one fine lion to that of a hundred rats of their own sort. Prince Bismarck knew his men, and we give him credit for his sagacity. Not every eye could have pierced the mist, and froth, and sound, and fury of German professordom, and beheld the craven heart that was beneath. . . .

So long as Prince Bismarck had to deal with men who were nourished on "Philosophy's sweet milk," and who worshipped at the altar of culture, who had science but not faith, opinions but not convictions, amongst whom, consequently, organic union was impossible, his policy of making Germany "by blood and iron" was successful enough. . . . To the man who had organized the armies and guided the policy which had triumphed at Sadowa and Sedan, what opposition could be made by a few poor priests and beggar-monks? (pp. 236, 237, 238).

Dr. Spalding examines with much power the question of temporal prosperity as a mark of Protestantism. Prosperity as it results from Protestantism too often means the simultaneous presence of colossal wealth and wide-spread pauperism.

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7. *Catechism made Easy*, being a familiar explanation of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine, in three volumes. By the Rev. Henry Gibson. Vol. III. Liverpool, Rockliff; London, Washbourne, 1877.

This third volume concludes a useful work, undertaken to help directly and indirectly Catholic training in faith and piety from early youth; directly, by speaking in simple language to the catechized; indirectly, by providing clear explanation and copious illustration, which cannot fail to be welcome to the catechist. Following the arrangement of the familiar little book to which Catholics in England owe so much, the third part now under consideration treats of the Sacraments, the Virtues and Vices, and the Christian's Rule of Life, in twenty-four instructions. The Church values very highly the unambitious work of catechizing, and they that instruct others unto justice find even in this life their great reward of good results immediately secured and very visible.

II.—POSTSCRIPT ON CURRENT AFFAIRS.

1.—*Home Affairs.*

THE month which is now near its end has not been marked by any sensational events in our domestic politics. Two or three things, however, have happened, which may be taken as indications of a line to be adopted before long, either in foreign policy, or in the party contentions without which our system of Parliamentary Government would languish for want of excitement. Mr. Gladstone's visit to Birmingham at the very beginning of June is one of these incidents. It is described by the papers as the occasion of a gathering unexampled in point of numbers and enthusiasm—but the Conservative demonstration at Manchester in honour of Mr. Disraeli, a year or two before the sudden collapse of the last ministry, was probably not inferior to it in these respects. The significance of the Birmingham meeting lies in the idea that it was the occasion of the adoption of a new and more aggressive policy on the part of the advanced Liberals, and that the late Premier was then and there enlisted as the leader in this new policy. This is only half true. Mr. Gladstone is just now full of the Turks, and his energies are devoted to the rousing among his countrymen of the spirit which animates himself. The advanced Liberals, of whom Mr. Chamberlain, the lately elected member for Birmingham, is a most favourable specimen, are very desirous to see the Liberal party, as a whole, adopt a more decided line. To such men Mr. Gladstone was a very welcome guest, and, knowing as we do his antecedents, we cannot wonder that they should think of him as a possible recruit. The success of the Birmingham meeting may very possibly have advanced the Radical party in popular power, and it had also undoubtedly something to do with the far greater security which now prevails in the public mind as to the pursuance by the Government of a peaceful policy with regard to the Eastern Question. So far, then, both Mr. Gladstone and the Radicals gained something by their success. It remains to be seen whether he is to be the future leader of the Radicals in their designed onslaught on the Establishment, and in the other measures which form part of their programme—if Mr. Bright will allow people to believe that they have a programme. What is far more certain is, that before long there will be a fresh batch of questions to engage the energies of English politicians, and Disestablishment is by common consent marked out as one of those questions. It is a very significant fact that, in the face of a protest on the part of more than twelve thousand of the clergy, the House of Lords, the specially Conservative and High Church branch of the legislature, should have passed, in spite of the opposition of the Government, the clause moved by Lord Harrowby relating to the burial of

Dissenters. It can hardly be a mistake to think that the strong resistance on the part of the Anglican clergy to the proposed innovation as to burials is prompted in great measure by the feeling that the battle of the Establishment has to be fought over the gravestones. As a body the clergy are not intolerant, but they are sensitive, like other people who are in possession of what others may covet, of the introduction of the thin end of the wedge. The Burials Bill itself is to be abandoned for the present session, and the further progress of this particular controversy thus stopped for the time. But the division in the House of Lords on June 18th may hereafter be referred to as the writing on the wall which warned the Establishment that evil days were at hand.

It seems certain, as has been said above, that the English Government has made up its mind, like the great mass of the English nation, that it will not even think of going to war for Turkey and against Russia. It is characteristic of our political system, that a few words dropped in the House of Lords or over a dinner-table at Merchant Taylors' Hall are quite enough to reassure the friends of peace and to put the advocates of a pro-Mohammedan crusade into the worst of humours. We trust our statesmen to say what they mean and mean what they say. On the 11th of June, Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords, and afterwards at a public dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall, said just enough to produce the effect which we have named, and his later speech was cordially and thoroughly endorsed by Lord Derby. Lord Salisbury was rather unmerciful in his ridicule of the Russophobists—but perhaps ridicule was the best way of disposing of the question before him, and of letting it be seen, beyond mistake, that the men whose idea of patriotism is that we must fight any one whose advance may prevent our having an inaccessible desert on all sides of our Indian dominions are not much better Englishmen than they are good Christians. "The defect of our policy in relation to Russia," said a writer in the *Times* a few days before Lord Salisbury made his speech in answer to Lord de Mauley—"a defect inevitably fatal to its ultimate success—is that it demands the permanent barbarism, desolation, and inaccessibility of all the countries from the Adriatic to the Chinese Empire, a large part of the Eastern hemisphere. Because we have 'interests' in India, and the increase of Russian power might at some remote time and under certain improbable circumstances, incommode us on our way thither, therefore no change can be permitted on any portion of the globe which lies contiguous to the Russian Empire. The lands most blessed by nature, the most famous in history, must remain for ever the abode of sloth and barbarism, almost sealed to the traveller, the population perishing, the villages falling into ruin, the desert advancing; and this is British policy." When language like this is held by the *Times*, two days before the declarations of Lord Derby and

Lord Salisbury to which we have alluded, we may be tolerably sure that the public feeling is steadily emancipating itself from the impression that it is the duty of England, or, rather, that English interests require her, to let the whole East slowly rot to death, and to prevent any other Power from meddling with the process of putrefaction, because that power is strong and may be made stronger by her interference.

It remains, however, true, that not only England but Europe needs a decided and clear policy on the Eastern Question. There ought to be some course which statesmen who are not mere alarmists should not fear to follow, which may provide for the interests of civilization and Christianity—which are identical all over the world, and nowhere so plainly as in the East—in some better way than by the maintenance of the present state of things. And this course ought certainly not to be that of letting the provinces of the present Turkish Empire be annexed by Russia. The statesman who will not be afraid of devising and proposing such a policy, which may give true social life and peace to the East, will probably be rewarded by finding that he has served the interests of religion and of mankind without in any way injuring that preponderance in Southern Asia which Englishmen are so nervous about—probably because they feel that there is no true ground for it but the right of conquest, and that the power which we possess has not been used hitherto for any but selfish purposes.

2.—The Ridsdale Judgment.

The signs from which we are obliged to gather our anticipations as to the effects of the Ridsdale judgment on the future of the Anglican Establishment are not all of the same import. On the whole, there seems to be more of satisfaction, or at least of acquiescence, in the decision of the final Court of Appeal than might have been predicted some months ago on the supposition of its being given. It is not without a certain amount of legal shrewdness that the judges have separated the distinctively Ritualistic party from the larger and more influential body of the High Churchmen. Several men of eminence in various ways have pronounced upon the line which they think the Anglican clergy should follow under the circumstances, and it is a significant fact that most men of authority or influence who write their names at the end of their letters are in favour of acquiescence, while the party which is said to be active in organizing positive resistance to what is now the declared law of the Anglican Church is content to work in the dark. This may not always be so—for the present so it is.

Mr. Ridsdale, the Folkstone clergyman whose case has been the occasion of eliciting the decision, deserves a few words to himself, both on account of the accidental prominence which the prosecution has conferred upon him, and on account of the very ingenious manner in which he has—if we may say so without appearing to be sarcastic—

discovered for himself a way out of the difficulty in which he had been placed. On the first occasion which [presented itself after the delivery of the judgment of the Court of Appeal, Mr. Ridsdale ostentatiously disobeyed it, by celebrating Holy Communion in a chasuble, and with the ritual which had been condemned. He told his people that he had no alternative but to incur the penalties which the Court would inflict for contumacy, but, at the same time, he used language which it is probably not unfair to him to suppose that he intended to be taken hold of in the manner in which it was taken hold of, as soon as it came to the knowledge of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He said that it remained to be seen whether his Bishop would propose any relief, or *give any dispensation* from the law of the Church which it would be right to accept. This was certainly equivalent to a broad hint that all might be well if Dr. Tait would only be kind enough to tell him, as his Bishop, to obey the law. The Archbishop immediately wrote to Mr. Ridsdale, and took on himself the whole responsibility. Perhaps it was a new sensation to find a Ritualist clergyman "willing to be guided by his Bishop." "Making full allowance," said Dr. Tait, "for your scruples of conscience, I am willing to take upon myself the whole responsibility, as intrusted with the spiritual supervision of the diocese in which you serve. I am ready to use all the authority which I possess as Diocesan and Archbishop to relieve you from any such supposed obligation; and I gladly take on myself the whole responsibility of directing that you do not wear chasuble and alb at the administration of the Holy Communion, also that you abstain from the using lighted candles at such celebrations, except when they are required for purposes of light, and also that you abstain from mixing water with the wine in the Holy Communion."

It cannot certainly be said that the Archbishop in making this offer did anything beyond what Mr. Ridsdale had practically invited him to do. That gentleman, however, was just a little coy in accepting the boon which he had himself suggested. He insisted upon such a declaration from the Archbishop as would give him "such canonical grounds for submission to your Grace's direction as shall liberate me from a sense of wrong-doing." He asked the Archbishop to do two things. "If your Grace will inform me that your letter was intended to dispense me from the obligation to use alb and chasuble, lighted candles at the communion time, and the mixed chalice; and further, in view of imminent complications with the State, that your Grace orders me to accept such dispensation, I will do so. . . . You will, I am sure, forgive me for asking you for some assurance that, by your present direction, you are not merely enforcing the late decision of the Privy Council, but delivering your own episcopal judgment to the effect that the 'ornaments rubric' does not prescribe the use of alb and chasuble, lighted candles at Holy Communion, and the mixed chalice, and that therefore

my obligation to use these things has been only a supposed one. . . . On receiving this assurance from your Grace, I will accept your judgment, and on the principle of canonical obedience, submit my own."

It is hardly necessary to add that the Archbishop of Canterbury made no difficulty in giving his subject all the assurances which he demanded. He did not word his answer in exact accordance with the twofold question of Mr. Ridsdale, but in general terms he accepted the conditions. "I am quite ready to satisfy your conscience in this matter, and do hereby grant you a complete dispensation from the obligation under which you believe yourself to lie." These general words satisfied Mr. Ridsdale. He made a long address to his congregation on the following Sunday, in which we are sorry to say he could not help having a fling at certain Catholic rules and distorting at least one very important historical fact. Indeed, his moral theology and his acquaintance with canon law are altogether of a character which would bear improvement. As he was about to avail himself of a dispensation, after having himself, in so many words, suggested that it should be offered him, we think he was a little severe upon the general principle or practice of dispensations. Moreover, his knowledge of the history of that period which it most of all behoves an Anglican clergyman to have mastered—the period of the beginnings of the Anglican schism—would appear to be remarkably slender. It was a dispensation, he tells us, to marry a brother's widow, which caused so much misery to the Church and country in Henry the Eighth's reign. We have always understood that it was the desire of a lustful King to get rid of a wife to whom he had been lawfully married, and with whom he had lived in great happiness for a great number of years—without finding out, in his own conscience or that of any one else, any scruple on the ground that he had married her under a dispensation, until he fell in love with a girl whom some historians of the time affirm to have been his own daughter, and who certainly was the daughter and the sister of women with whom he had committed adultery—that brought on England the plague of heresy and schism, which, however, an Anglican clergyman ought to consider as a great deliverance. But we must hope that Mr. Ridsdale will some day gain a little more knowledge of the history of his "Church" and country. Mr. Ridsdale was also unnecessarily earnest in insisting to his congregation that the dispensation of Dr. Tait was forced upon him. Benedict and Beatrice could not be more emphatic in their protestations as to the compulsion under which they acted. Dispensations, he told his people, are sometimes given at Rome and in religious houses on which the person to whom they are addressed is ordered to act. This he conceives to be his own case. "In our case, the Archbishop dispenses me, as I hold it, from the obligation of using vestments, lighted candles, and the mixed chalice, and bids me also use his dispensations presumably on

account of the complications that would arise with the State if I continued to use these things. Here, again, I conceive I have no right to challenge his Grace's wisdom in the management of his diocese, or to thwart his designs for the pacification of the Church in these parts, although I may think that peace were best won in the long run by resistance and not by yielding to the constant encroachments of the State." He goes on to add that he obeys the order of the Archbishop as a temporary measure for the present urgent necessity, under the correction of Convocation. "I intend my obedience to this enforced dispensation to continue only until Convocation shall have had fitting opportunity to deliberate on the question. If it shall appear that the opportunity passes without the question being solved, I feel I shall not be justified in using the dispensation any longer." We must not be hard on a man in a difficulty, but it is surely too obvious to have escaped Mr. Ridsdale's observation, that what he calls the question has already been settled as far as Convocation can settle it. He has but to take up his *Guardian* to find himself reminded by more than one of its numerous correspondents that some few years ago Convocation expressed its opinion—the opinion, we venture to say, of common sense in the matter—that, in view of the long disuse of the vestments and other things which are supposed by the Ritualists to be enjoined by the "ornaments rubric," the clergy ought to content themselves with the use which they have received from so many generations of Anglicans, and make no innovation on that use without the consent of the Bishop. No doubt it is a matter of very great importance to Mr. Ridsdale whether he is to obey the decision of the Court of Appeal or to be punished for not obeying it. But the punishment of contumacy is only a thing to which we are unused in this country, because Englishmen in general are not often contumacious. We see in the moderate language of Dr. Tait no recognition at all of the danger of those "imminent complications with the State" of which Mr. Ridsdale speaks. Dr. Tait tells him, that if he obeys "this my episcopal admonition, you will place yourself in a more satisfactory position on the sight of the whole Church, that your people will appreciate your dutiful obedience, and that your labours amongst them will be much more likely to be blessed by Almighty God than you could hope they would be if you acted on your own judgment against the command of the Bishop set over you in the Lord." Dr. Tait is really very kind—but his words are rather those of a parent admonishing a naughty boy than those of a prelate in great alarm for the peace between Church and State. It is Mr. Ridsdale that he is thinking of—not the Anglican Establishment.

Mr. Ridsdale looks forward to a discussion in the Anglican Convocation on the question raised by the late proceedings, and seems to expect that the Archbishop will explain to that assembly the grounds on which he has forced the dispensation of which we have been

speaking on an unwilling clergyman. The public, we think, will expect also that Dr. Tait should say whether he believes in his own newly discovered power or not. We have heard the story of an Anglican Archbishop who was sorely puzzled when an old man came several miles to kneel to him and ask his blessing. He was too goodnatured a man to refuse, and he is said to have got out of the difficulty by giving the blessing, after having first most conscientiously explained to its recipient that it was of no value, and meant nothing at all. It is not easy to suppose that Dr. Tait has any very high ideas of his own sacerdotal or episcopal character. If a bishop may dispense in one law or rubric, he may dispense in another, and if the use of this power is to be frequent, we may have the law courts called on to settle the limits of its employment. On the other hand, Dr. Tait is too honest a man to play with tools of this kind, and perhaps he may really think that he has discovered a way which may furnish other clergymen besides Mr. Ridsdale with an escape from the penalties which are now imminent on all who think it their duty to take the words of the "ornaments rubric" in their literal sense. But we can hardly think that this strange device of an indefinite number of episcopal dispensations will be the ultimate solution of the Ritualistic difficulty.

For the rest, the progress of the question in the minds of the great bulk of Anglicans cannot be better traced than in the columns of the *Guardian* newspaper, which opens its space liberally to all correspondents who have anything to say. Moreover, two of the most respected of the Anglican bishops—Dr. Browne of Winchester and Dr. Goodwin of Carlisle—have addressed their clergy on the crisis. Dr. Browne speaks of the question of disestablishment—which always comes to the surface when there is strong discontent among the High Churchmen. He professes himself quite ready for disestablishment if it comes from without, but a great enemy to any movement from within in the same direction. We shall not pause now to enter on this question in its relation to Catholic interests and sympathies. It is a question which very few among us have in any measure fathomed, though we have met with some offhand dogmatism on the matter which can hardly be taken for wisdom. Dr. Goodwin protests, with much apparent reason, against the assumption which we trace in a number of Anglican writers and speakers on the subject, that the late decision is transparently unfair, inasmuch as it attaches a non-natural sense to the plain words of the rubric. The first writer, as far as we know, to introduce this assumption into the literature of the controversy, was a person who delights in courageous assertions and uncomplimentary language to all that displeases him, a writer who has probably never once, in the course of a long controversial career, been able to arrive at the simple understanding of any opinion diffe-

rent from his own—we mean Dr. Pusey. Our readers may remember the letter which he wrote three or four years ago, about the alterations made in the Prayer Book of the disestablished “Church of Ireland,” in each succeeding sentence of which there was a fresh variety of strong epithets. Dr. Pusey’s advice as to the manner of action in consequence of the late decision is very characteristic. He would have nothing altered on account of it. Where vestments were in use, let them go on, where they were not in use, let them not be introduced. For his own part, Dr. Pusey does not much care for them. He is content with the “invisible ritual” of which St. Chrysostom speaks. How much better it would have been for all these young men—Dr. Pusey is never tired of pointing out that he is not one of them—to have followed the example of the older Tractarians, and so avoided all this trouble! He prefers, too, a reverential bow to the “rapid Roman genuflection”—for, of course, a letter from Dr. Pusey on any subject must have its little skit against Rome. The weight of Dr. Pusey’s name is, in fact, flung into the scale on the side of resistance, while, at the same time, he supplies his Ritualistic friends with excellent reasons for not resisting. The “invisible ritual” has already enchanted some. But there is here a great confusion of ideas—a phenomenon not altogether new in the productions of Dr. Pusey. St. Chrysostom uses the thought of the Angels’ worship at the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar as an argument for the greatest possible reverence on the part of Christians. He would have been the last man in the world to dispense with a single ceremony, or vestment, or ritual observance, on the ground of the presence of the Angels. Yet this is exactly what Dr. Pusey appears to recommend.

Next, as to the non-natural interpretation, people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. We repeat what we have already said, that the common treatment, by persons of the school of Dr. Pusey, of the well-known rubric about kneeling in the Anglican office for Holy Communion, ought to close their mouths for ever against such charges as that which he has made against the judges in the Ridsdale case. We do not believe that either Dr. Pusey, or any clergyman of the same school of opinion would care to get up into a pulpit at the time of one of their celebrations—whether with vestments or without them, whether they made low reverences or “rapid genuflections,” or anything else—and read out that rubric, putting their hand upon their hearts and saying that they believed it to be true, and that they obeyed its directions in their behaviour at Holy Communion. And we feel sure, that if they did this for every consecutive Sunday for six months, there would be no congregation left to listen to them.¹ If this be so, the less

¹ As most of our readers cannot be supposed to know much about the words of the rubrics referred to, it may be as well to insert them here for their benefit. The “Ornaments Rubric,” as it is called, which has lately been interpreted by the Privy

we hear about non-natural interpretations the better. Of course we know very well that Dr. Pusey and those who think with him have a way out of the apparent and plain meaning of the words of the rubric to which we refer. They interpret it by having recourse to some of the subtleties of scholastic theology, which, to say the truth, they do not very well understand, and which do not in truth justify the statement of the rubric—which no Catholic theologian would pass as tolerable, in connection with its position in the Prayer Book, where it is evidently inserted as a protest against any adoration of our Lord really present in the Eucharist. They have recourse to the opinions of the divines who consented to its retention at the last alteration of the Prayer Book, and to other considerations, external altogether to the words themselves, as they are certain to be understood by ordinary Englishmen. And we have no doubt that Dr. Pusey would find excellent reasons for maintaining that there was nothing non-natural about this interpretation—on which, be it remembered, the whole High Church and Ritualistic position as to the Eucharist rests, inasmuch as if it be not allowed, it would be plain that the Church of England teaches that there is nothing at all to be adored in the Eucharist, and therefore the vestments and ritual, for which contention is now made, would be simple mockery of God at the time of what is still, under any aspect, the most solemn religious act which the Anglican Church practises. Well, then,

Council so as to forbid the sacrificial vestments, or, as it is perhaps fairer to say, which has been explained in accordance with the existing practice of the Establishment on the strength, mainly, of the "advertisements" of Queen Elizabeth, is to be found at the beginning of the "Order for Morning and Evening Prayer." It runs as follows: "And here is to be noted, that such ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained and be in use as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth." The "Black Rubric," as it is called, about kneeling at the reception of the Holy Communion, is to be found at the end of the "Office for Holy Communion." It is as follows: "Whereas it is ordained in this office for the administration of the Lord's Supper, that the communicants should receive the same kneeling (which order is well meant for a signification of our humble and grateful acknowledgment of the benefits of Christ therein given to all worthy receivers, and for the avoiding of such profanation and disorder in the Holy Communion as might otherwise ensue), yet, lest the said kneeling should by any persons, either out of ignorance and infirmity, or out of malice and obstinacy, be misconstrued and depraved; It is hereby declared, That thereby no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread and Wine there bodily received, or unto any Corporal Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very Natural Substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians), and the Natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven and not here, it being against the truth of Christ's Natural Body to be at one time in more places than one." Dr. Pusey's contention is, that to understand the words of the first of these rubrics in the sense of a prohibition of vestments is to take them in a non-natural sense; but that to understand the words of the second rubric as allowing of the posture of kneeling as an act of adoration of our Lord's Body and Blood there really present and not absent, is to understand them in a very natural sense indeed!

what right has the High Church interpretation of this rubric, which seems to contradict the plain words of the text, to toleration and respect, which does not also belong to the interpretation which, in accordance with the practice of all but a few English clergymen of the present generation, the judges of the Supreme Court of Appeal in matters of doctrine have assigned to the "ornaments rubric?" They have done in their case what Dr. Pusey has done in the other, in order to bring the law into harmony with the almost universal practice of Anglicans—Dr. Pusey himself included—ever since the "ornaments rubric" was written. We hear nothing of any dissent on the part of the episcopal assessors from the judgment of the court. The men, then, who have delivered or sanctioned the judgment form altogether too respectable a body to have the slur cast on them which Dr. Pusey has been so ready to throw.

The other chief incidents of the past month in relation to ecclesiastical affairs do not seem to promise much peace and harmony to the Establishment. The question of Disestablishment, as we have said, has been again mooted, and though it is not likely at present to become practical, it is significant of future troubles that a man in the position of Mr. Mackonochie should have come forward, as he has, on the destructive side. The truth seems to be that in times like the present, men in the Establishment who are trying to persuade themselves and others that they are Catholics, are driven to find fault with everything around them, except their own indefensible and abnormal position. It is the State, says one—it is the Court of Appeal, says another—it is the Bishops, says a third—it is the Public Worship Regulation Act, says a fourth—or it is Lord Penzance, or it is the unreformed Convocation. Mr. Wood, the President of the English Church Union, talked the other day at the annual meeting of that Society, as if what had been done at the Reformation had been limited to the rejection of the supremacy of the Pope, and had not extended, as Dr. Tait says it extended, to the acceptance of the royal supremacy instead of that of the Holy See. Here is a distinct issue as to a matter of fact, and perhaps the Archbishop knows his history rather better than Mr. Wood. If Dr. Tait is right, what is the use of Mr. Wood and his party talking about the "*encroachment* of the State?" Mr. Mackonochie, again, who believes his Bishops to be successors of the Apostles, and that he has himself received orders and jurisdiction from one of them, and who may perhaps have some day to accept a dispensation from Bishop Jackson to ease his unquiet conscience under the sentence of a Court forbidding him to wear vestments, tells his people that the Anglican Bishops have "got their commission, not through their Lord, but some other way—through the Queen's command. It was not their fault but the misfortune of their lot, that they did not side with Christ—they had been dragged in; not through the door, which was Christ, but

some other way." The obvious inference to his hearers must have been that the Anglican Bishops are "thieves and robbers." And yet it is difficult to know what the Bishops could do in the case of the Ritualists other than what they have done—tolerate them as long as they could, and then let the law take its course. Does Mr. Mackonochie think that the simple fact, that Anglican Bishops are nominated by the Crown—as in fact, Bishops all over the world have often been, from the beginning of the Christian system of Church and State—vitiates their commission, and makes it decent for one who owes whatever sort of sacred commission he in his turn possesses, entirely to the exercise of theirs—to talk in this way to persons who are far more sheep of their flock than of his? Here again we seem to touch on a great want of acquaintance with history. As a matter of fact, the State has never, since the days when England broke off from the unity of the Church, conceded so much practical liberty to the Establishment as at the present day. Its ministers have never been so much respected, because they have never before shown themselves so worthy of respect, and there has never been so strong a religious activity in the nation. Public opinion—we mean the public opinion of the mass of Churchmen—has never been so powerful as now in influencing the acts of the Legislature and the disposition of patronage. The State no longer interferes in prescribing doctrine to the Establishment, as it was wont to do in the days of the Tudors. The Royal Supremacy—in defence of which Dr. Pusey once wrote—has never been a milder yoke than at present. The difference between the present time and others is one which has its consoling side to Catholic observers and well-wishers of all that is good in the religious condition of England, a side of consolation to which Mr. Mackonochie ought not to be indifferent. The difference is, that English Churchmen are much more Catholic in instinct and practice than of old, and thus what was a tolerable yoke to the fathers is an intolerable burthen to the children. The weak point of Mr. Mackonochie and others like him is this—that they turn resolutely away from the plain facts of history. No one doubts on which side they would have stood at the time of the Reformation. But they want to take what they think is the benefit of the Reformation with one hand, and re-grasp all that it threw away with the other. Mr. Mackonochie cannot do better than meditate seriously on the passage of St. John's Gospel which he did not shrink to apply to his own ecclesiastical rulers, to whom, if he is a priest, as he supposes himself to be, he owes it that he is so. There cannot be a more complete illustration of the text about—we will not say "thieves and robbers," but people who get into the sheepfold not by the door, than the position of a man who desires practically to be accepted as a Catholic priest, to hear confessions, to give absolution, and therefore to possess jurisdiction as well as orders, to celebrate Mass and teach with authority, to found

religious institutes and the like, with no more commission for all these things than those of the Queen's State Bishops in a schismatical and heretical community can give him. If his Bishops do not enter by the door, which is Christ—as he very truly, but very ungratefully, says—by what does Mr. Mackonochie himself enter? We cannot doubt that at the time of the foundation of the present religious system in England, Mr. Mackonochie would have cast in his lot rather with the Church of Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole than with that of Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, and Parker. Can he wonder if the Church of Queen Victoria and Dr. Tait is somewhat of a stepmother to him? Can he complain if its authorities tell him gently that he must go back to Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole, if he wants to believe and practise and teach what they believed, practised, and taught?

Mr. Mackonochie's name has been made the subject of discussion in the House of Lords during the late month, on account of his connection with a certain Society of the Holy Cross, which appears to be a body of Anglican clergyman of the same school with himself, who associate for the purpose of mutual assistance and unity of action in the promotion of Ritualistic views and practices. We have sometimes seen the papers circulated by the association, and have been struck by their great similarity to the circulars of Catholic confraternities, from which they seem to have been copied. Given the existence of a body of clergy like the more earnest Ritualists, and some such organisation is a matter of course. But they seem to have moved Lord Redesdale's Protestant bile by the printing of a book called *The Priest in Absolution*—which should certainly have been in Latin. It is apparently a manual of what Catholics know as moral theology for the use of confessors. Here, again, we may say, given the fact that a certain number of Anglican clergy are to hear confessions, it is better that they should have some such manual than that they should not. It is probably compiled from Catholic sources, though we may be pretty sure that it is not very explicit on the duty of union with the Holy Catholic Church, and on the heinousness of the sin of schism. The use made of the book in the House of Lords, and, of course, in the Protestant press, was very much what we have been accustomed to from Messrs. Newdegate and Whalley, and others of the same kidney. The Archbishop of Canterbury made the sensible remark that there was a wide difference between confession where it is a part of a system, recognized and consequently controlled—as in the Catholic Church—and confession when not recognized, and so not controlled, as among the Anglicans. Perhaps the chief result of the debate was to advertise the names of the London clergy who belong to the Society of the Holy Cross—for we need hardly think that the practice of confession will be put an end to by Lord Redesdale's "interpellation." This incident has led to a good deal of foolish writing in various newspapers, but

the most unintelligible phenomenon—to the uninitiated—which it has occasioned, is the connection which has been imagined between this affair and—the Eastern Question.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has gone out of its way, and departed from its usual tone of indifference in order to attack the book and its publishers or circulators with great severity, seems to give as the head and front of their offending, not that they are Romanisers, but that they are Anti-Mahomedan. "We have of late made it our business to show what mischief sacerdotalism is working, or attempting to work, in the conduct of our affairs abroad; what disastrous tricks it is playing, or would play if it could, with our foreign policy; and Lord Redesdale has just recalled attention to a more familiar fact—the pernicious and detestable influence which it seeks to exercise at home. We shall ask our readers to consider the two facts together; we shall ask them to remember that the men who have been the head and front of the anti-Mahomedan crusade, the men who have done most to thwart the efforts of their Government for the maintenance of the peace of Europe and the interests of their country, are the same men—the same set of semi-Romish priests—whose infamous manual of confession Lord Redesdale laid the other night before the House of Lords." This writer has evidently been very much disappointed of late. Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby have spoken so very sensibly and very contemptuously of the clique of alarmists who would fain persuade the country that we must interfere with all the forces of the Empire to keep the finest regions of the earth in a state of degradation, barbarism, and moral pollution on account of an imagined danger which may some day or other threaten our hold on India, that the *Pall Mall Gazette* may be excused if it is a little off its head. We have seen strange things enough in the productions of the admirers of the Koran, and that noble social and political system which has its headquarters in the Seraglio at Constantinople and its active eulogists in certain members of the English newspaper press. But it is new to see it openly avowed that good men and Christians ought not only to fear the advance of Russia, which is one thing, or to think that the Turks are not so fond of persecution as schismatics are, which is another, but to be actually pro-Mohammedan, which is another again. If the charge were a serious one, Mr. Mackonochie and his friends might catch at the very broad hint which is here given them. We cannot suppose that they care so very much after all for the Czar and the Bulgarian Christians. Let them only cease to be anti-Mahomedan—let them admire and write up Turkish morality, the excellence of polygamy, the moral grandeur of the subordination of one sex to the lusts of the other, the dignity of a law that holds out to its votaries as their highest reward hereafter an eternity of the grossest sensuality, and the other glorious points of the anti-Christian creed of the false prophet

and then they might be allowed by the *Pall Mall* to hear confessions in peace! But the charge is not seriously meant. It is only a sign that the *Pall Mall* understands that there are divisions in Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet, and that Lord Salisbury, who, for some inscrutable reason, is identified in the writer's mind with the Ritualists, is one or the chief of a section who are adverse to war for the sake of "British" interests.

3.—*Progress of the War*

At last the Danube has been crossed, and the war enters upon a more eventful period. For a month past results have been few, though no doubt preparations have been many and vast. Our own correspondents are restricted to results, under peril of instant dismissal. The Emperor Alexander arrived at Plojesti on the 6th of June, the very date fixed some weeks before. Such punctuality in the teeth of grievous obstacles produced by the breaking down or blocking of Roumanian railways seemed to presage immediate action. Probably the Emperor himself has been more exercised in mind by the forced delay than any man in his dominions. He has latterly been very active, passing quickly from Plojesti to Ibraila and Galatz and back again, and giving much personal superintendence to the well-being of his army. The advantage of the delay has been all with the Turks. If they are not prepared to meet invasion, the fault must be their own, for they have had a long month more for making ready than they had any right to count upon. It has been evident for some days past that the Danube would have to be crossed at once. A long stay upon the northern bank with a hot sun beating down upon the swampy flats would kill, without advantage to their country's cause, more thousands than would suffice to occupy the Turkish quadrilateral. The choice lies between fighting and falling sick, so that Russia must in self-defence go forward, and that forthwith. It is therefore highly probable that the main body will still effect the passage between Nicopolis and Silistria. A more circuitous advance, in itself more prudent, would require time, and, with dysentery and typhus ready to appear if time is given, the quickest movement is the safest. Before these conjectures meet our readers' eyes all doubts upon the point will have been solved. The month's proceedings in Roumania may be briefly summed up in the continuation of artillery duels between the Danubian forts, the mysterious movements of Russian troops, about which next to nothing is known, the arrival of the Emperor with his sons and Prince Gortchakoff at Plojesti, the visit of Prince Milan, with the Emperor's kind permission, but certainly without the Sultan's. The Prince might have spared himself the trouble of protesting that hostility to the Porte had no part in the visit to Plojesti. It has not yet transpired what instructions he carries back to Servia. Two Turkish monitors have perished. In both cases the Russians claimed the merit of effecting the disaster, in both cases the Turks ascribed it to spon-

taneous combustion. One day there came a thrilling tale of gallant sailors fastening torpedoes in the dark, and escaping by a miracle. A few days later it was asserted that an accidental boiler explosion was all that had happened.

It is too soon after the event to give with confidence all the details of the first passage of troops across the Danube, but the account runs thus: In the early morning of the 22nd of June ten companies of Russians, we are told, crossed in boats from Galatz and secured a footing on the opposite bank. A bridge of very ingenious construction, in great part prepared, was soon fastened in position, and a body of from three to six thousand men marched across. Rafts were brought in considerable number from the mouth of the Sereth for crossing the marsh, and the Russians, instead of following the bend of the river to support a movement from Ibraila, struck at once inland, advancing amphibiously, and dislodged the Turks from the heights above Matchin.

About twenty-four hours later a similar passage was effected from Ibraila, and the garrison of the little fort of Matchin seeing themselves in danger of being surrounded made their retreat while it was possible. It is easy to effect a landing in the Dobrudsha, but to remain long in those fever-breeding swamps would be worse than folly. The Turks would be glad indeed if they could shut up a large force between Trajan's Wall and the Danube. It is not likely that any large portion of the Russian army will march down the Dobrudsha; but to possess both banks of the Lower Danube will greatly facilitate the more difficult passage of the main body higher up the river.

Armenia.—The capture of Ardahan, we are told, was made easy by chance information obtained from some intercepted despatches, that the town was not tenable on the south-eastern side. It was certainly not tenable by Sabri Pasha, if it be true that he allowed a hill commanding the defences to be occupied without firing a shot to impede the ascent. The advance of the Caucasian invading force upon three converging lines would not have been possible in the face of a more enterprising army of defence. The rashness of the plan indicates a certain degree of contempt which Mukhtar Pasha has not yet shown to be unmerited. Komaroff with the Russian right marched in hot haste to Olti while the centre was at the Soghanli Dag, and the left in the neighbourhood of Koprak Kalé and everything betokened a determination on the part of the Grand Duke to push forward and leave Kars behind uncaptured. Some cause unknown seems to have produced a change of plan. The right wing fell back from Olti through Penek almost as rapidly as it had advanced. Perhaps the whole movement was a feint to draw Mukhtar Pasha from the strong position to which he has retreated near Sewin on the Araxes in the elevated valley stretching in front of Erzeroum between two lines of mountains, the Kosé Dag which separates

Koprak Kalé from Delibaba, and the Karghabazar Dagb which separates Sewin and Koprikoi from Olti. The further end of the valley is shut in by the cross range of the Soghanli Dagb, which Mukhtar kindly abandoned to the Grand Duke, and which is the present station of the Russian centre. The Turkish forces therefore, collected on the Araxes not by good generalship but by the simple process of falling back, and numbering now perhaps with the opportune reinforcement of twelve thousand men nearly forty thousand of all arms, backed by the strong fortress of Erzeroum, and protected on both flanks, are sufficiently formidable. From his central position Ahmed Mukhtar might have thrown himself in force upon one division of the enemy, whichever he had chosen to select, and if Ahmed Mukhtar had been Napoleon Buonaparte, the Grand Duke Michael would have seen his army beaten part by part. Ahmed Mukhtar is not a mighty general, but as a vigorous attack upon the Russian right, under Komaroff, seemed the most eligible thing for the Turkish commander to undertake, since it was important to secure the Erzeroum-Trebizond road, it may be that Komaroff retraced his steps so hastily for the mere purpose of avoiding a premature encounter. The Turks instead of pursuing the Russian right seem to have combined to meet Tergukasoff at Delibaba, where, according to one account, they have been defeated and are falling back by Koprikoi to Erzeroum. Beyond the encircling hills a gleam of success seems to have shone upon the Turkish arms. Faik Pasha is said to have driven back a column of Russians into Bayazid.

Such contradictory accounts reach us of the Circassian insurrection that it is most difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion about its real extent and importance. One certain result already attained is that the Russian Government can no longer trust its own Circassian regiments. Signs of disaffection were reported from even the army of the Danube, but the suspected troops were promptly ordered to the interior.

Greece and Servia are restless, watching eagerly the turn of events to follow up any chance of improving their condition which Providence may put in their way.

The Montenegrins, in spite of their boastful despatch, have been overmastered by superior numbers, but brave men in a mountainous country are not easily annihilated, and just at present the Porte has more than enough to do. Montenegro is a thorn in Turkey's side. When every man of the Turkish forces is wanted for the larger war these mountaineers will be always ready to make more trouble and cause dangerous diversion.

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